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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Original Letters, Illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters: from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations. By Henry Ellis, F.R.S., Sec. S.A., &c. &c. Second Series. Post 8vo. 4 vols. London, 1827. Harding and Lepard.

Our opinions of works like the present, and especially of Mr. Ellis's preceding labours, have been so often delivered, that we shall only rivet them now by declaring that we consider these volumes to be more essential to the truth of English History, and rendering it greater service, than the splendid production of Hume, or the performance of any other so-distant historian.

By reference to the *Literary Gazette* for 1824, No. 393, and no fewer than ten succeeding numbers (*vide* page 483, *at seq.*), it will be seen how highly we estimated Mr. Ellis's admirable publication, of which this forms the second series; and how much of intelligence and interesting information was poured out even in the too-brief selections from it which we were enabled to offer to our readers. We have now but to repeat our panegyric—to say that we are delighted with these volumes; and to recommend them, altogether, as deserving of the utmost public favour—for entertaining narrative—for curious illustration—for the correction of long-received historical theories—for the development of famous characters—for the discovery of new and important facts—for the unravelling of state secrets—and, in short, for every thing which can render such a collection acceptable to a country keenly alive to the value of such researches. We shall accordingly enrich many of our ensuing *Gazettes* from this prolific source; and still leave it with but slight justice done to its treasures.

These letters, independently of their historical worth, are curious as philological specimens: we have here the English language from the era of Henry IV. to our own times (1796); and where the correspondence happens to be scanty, the editor has happily improved his design by the introduction of contemporary memoirs, which are next in point of authenticity and interest to private communications. Among these, indeed, are several remarkable pieces, and we may indicate from their notice in the preface, Giovanni Michele's 'Report to the Doge and Senate of Venice upon his Return from England in 1557,' the 'Official Account of the last Moments of the Queen of Scots, Sir Gilbert Talbot's Narrative of the Venetian Offer of Assistance to King Charles the First, or Father Huddleston's Account (hitherto concealed though printed) of the Catholic Death-bed of King Charles the Second.

Mr. Ellis expresses some fear lest he should be "censured for spreading his comments more diffusely in this, than upon the Letters of the former Series." But he need be under no such

apprehension. We are sure his readers will agree with us in thinking, that he has done what he has done so well—the only regret can be that he has not done more. His demonstrating, for instance, that Thomas Cromwell the minister of Henry VIII. was neither an honest man nor the grateful friend of Wolsey, is not only the development of an important matter, but another strong proof of the delusions to which we have been taught to submit, under the name of histories. We shall, however, best consult our own and our readers' satisfaction by going regularly through this Series agreeably to the order of its dates, without being tempted to leap forward by the peculiar interest of any one subject.

"The Letters of the reign of Henry the Fourth, with which this volume opens, relate entirely to Owen Glyndwr's rebellion. They are in number fourteen, and are, with one exception, new to history. That they should have remained so long in the Cottonian Library unnoticed, must excite surprise. Several of these are from constables of castles, and show not only the mode of keeping the fortresses of that time, but the nature of the warfare which was waged against them. The Welsh hated Henry the Fourth for his ill usage of King Richard the Second. They had furnished Richard with troops in his contest with the nobles; and remained unshaken in their fidelity to him as long as they believed him to be alive.—Of the Letters of the reign of Henry the Fifth, there are two more curious than the rest: one concerns the state of Ireland in 1417; the other from John Alceste at Bayonne, in 1419, details the progress made in building a ship of very extended dimensions for the king. Henry the Fifth was the first of our monarchs who saw the advantage of maintaining ships for the purposes of war, distinct from the merchants' vessels."

We pass, *gratia exempli*, to Letter VIII. from "The Mayor and Burgesses of Caerleon to those of Monmouth, upon the defeat of a part of Owen Glyndwr's Army by the Lord of Carew."

(MS. Cotton. Mus. Brit. Clopp. F. III. fol. 116. Orig.)
"This letter is curious on two accounts. It acquaints us with the defeat of a portion of Glyndwr's forces by the baron of Carew; a fact unknown to our historians; and it details a conference between Owen Glyndwr and one Hopkin ap Thomas, whom he held to be 'master of Brut,' as to what should be his fate hereafter. Master of Brut means skilled in the prophecies of Merlin, whose vaticinations form a part of the Brut of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Henry the Fourth and Glyndwr were both worked upon by ancient predictions; and each, it is probable, sought the type of the other in those numerous prophecies which our ancestors, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, were so fond of considering as in a state of progressive accomplishment. By the parties who met at the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, Henry the Fourth was quoted as the moldewarpe accursed of God;

while Glyndwr, Sir Henry Percy, and Sir Edmund Mortimer, were represented as the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide the realm between them. 'Such,' says Hall, was 'the deviation, and not divination, of that mawmet Merlin.' The sequel of Glyndwr's history shows that Hopkin ap Thomas of Gower was not infallible as a seer."

The following is the letter—

"Gretyng to yow our gode frendes and worshipful burgeis of Monemouth, we do yow to understonde of tydynges the weche we have yherd of Owain Glyndwr, that is to wete of Lettres under seel the weche were y sende to us by the Capteyne of the towne of Kadevelly; and in the Lettres wer y wrete words that ther was a day of batell ytake by twyxt the worthy Baron of Carew and Owain Glyndwr; and we do yow to understonde that thys day of batall schuld have be do the xii. day of Jule; and the nyxt be fore that thys batall schulde be do, Oweyne wes y purpos to have yvoidede ym to the Hull azeimward; and for he wold y wete whar his wey wer clere y now to passe, ryf he hede nede, to the Hull, he sende vij. C. of his meine [many] to serche the weyes, and thes vij. C. menne went to serche thys weye, and ther thys vij. C. menne were y motte with the barons menne of Carew, and I slay up everychone that ther was next on that se..... : alaye; and thes words both [be] y do us to understonde that it is sothe with owe leying. And forthermore we do yow to understonde that Owaine the..... in the ton [of Kairm'then he sende after Hopkin ap Thomas of Gower to come and speke with hym upon trewes; and when Hopkin came to Owain, he priede [prayed] hym, in as meche as he huld hym maister of Brut, that he schuld do hym to understonde how and what maner hit schold be falle of hym; and he told hym wittliche that he schold be take with inne a bref tyme; and the takyng schold be twene Kayrmerthen and Gower; and the takyng schold be under a black baner: knowelicheyd that thys blake baner scholde desceve hym, and nozt that he schold be take undir hym. No more con [can] we say to yow at thys tyme, bote both [be] glad and mercy, and drede yow nozt for we hope to God that ze have no nede. And we do yow to understonde that al thys tydynges both sothe with oute doute.

Per LE MAIRE & LES BURGEOIS
de KAIRLTON.

When Sir Edmund Mortimer announced to his tenantry his coalition with Glyndwr (it is in French*), he sets out very curiously by ex-

* Some of the letters of this period are a singular mixture of French and English; for instance, Richard Kyngeston, Archdeacon of Hereford; to Henry IV. He begins "Notre tresredoute et souverain Saigneur le Roy, je me recomande humblement a votre hautesse come votre petite creature et continual orateur." And ends, "Eaci en, haulte a Hereford le vilje, jour de Juyll."

Votre petite creature RICHARD KYNGESTON
Recevable de Hereford.
And the P. S. is right down English, as a man in earnest might drop his last for his natural style. "And for Goddes love, my lye Lord, thinkth on your self and yourn astat, or benny (by my) throwth all is lost elles; but and so come

pressing a doubt, whether Richard II. is dead or alive.

"*Treschiers et bien amez vous saluez mieulx souvenit, et vous face a entendre que Oweyn Glyndwr ad meone une querelle la quelle est tielle, qu si le Roy Richard soit en vie de luy restorer a sa couronne, it sinou qe mon honore Neuewe q'est droit heir al dit couronne serroit Roy d'Engleterre, et qe le dit Oweyn avoreit son droit en Gales.*"

In this letter, Mortimer, "when speaking of the division of the kingdom, he makes no mention of the share which was to fall to the Percies. Opinion certainly wavered at this time, as to Richard's positive fate; though conjectured, it was not known. There can be no doubt that the Proclamation of Henry the Fourth against the Inventors of false Reports, dated at Westminster, June 5th, in this very year, was intended to satisfy those who continued uncertain. It states that rumours had been hinted to the ears of the foolish, that King Richard, his last predecessor, was still alive in Scotland, and that he was coming with the Scots to invade the realm; whereas, in truth, the said Richard was dead and buried: 'quod dominus Ricardus nuper Rex Anglie, ultimus predecessor noster, adhuc vivit in Scotia, quodque in manu forti, ac vexillo protensus, veniet una cum Scotis in dictum regnum nostrum, ipsum, et nos, ac licoes nostros protinus invasurus, cum in rei veritate prefatus Ricardus, sit mortuus et sepultus.' Upon the omission of the Percies, we have only to observe that Sir Edmund Mortimer's Letter is dated December the 14th, and that the tripartite Indenture of Partition was not finally agreed upon till toward the middle of the next year. The negotiation for the partition of the Kingdom seems to have originated with Mortimer and Glyndwr only. The battle of Shrewsbury was fought on July 21st, 1403. The Manuscript Chronicle already named, compiled by one of the chaplains to King Henry the Fifth, gives the particulars of the final Treaty signed at the House of the archdeacon of Bangor more amply than they can be found elsewhere. The Severn, the Trent, and the Mersey, were to shut in Owen's territory; while the Percies were to have not only all that was North of Trent, but *Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, and even Norfolk*. Sir Edmund Mortimer (not the nephew whom he speaks of in his Letter) was to content himself with the remainder. The expectation declared in this Treaty that the contracting Parties would turn out to be the persons spoken of by Merlin, who were to divide the *Greater Britain*, as it is called amongst them, corroborates the story told by Hall."

In summing up the result of the correspondence in this division of his work, Mr. Ellis ably remarks—

"Such are the Letters, hitherto, with one exception, unknown, which illustrate the History of Owen Glyndwr. The genius of this extraordinary chieftain has been already mentioned as adapted more to rapine than to regu-

source self with haste all other wolle folwin after. And et (qu. note) on Fryday last Kermertyn town is taken and brent, and the Castell solden (yielded) be Ro. Wygmore, and the Castell Emsayn is y solden; and slayn of the tounse of Kermertyn mo thanne l. persones. Written in syght gret haste on Sunday; and y crye sow mercy and putte me in souse hye grace that y write so schurtly; for, be my trowthe that y owe to now, it is needfull."

"Very dear and well beloved, I greet you much, and make known to you that Owen Glyndwr has raised a quarrel, of which the object is, if King Richard be alive, to restore him to his crown, and if not, that my honoured nephew, who is the right heir to the said crown, shall be King of England, and that the said Owen will assert his right in Wales."

lar warfare. One instance only occurs in these letters in which he used military engines when besieging a fortress. The mischief which he did to Wales in the short period of fifteen years was incalculable."

"Previous to the revolt of the Percies, Henry the Fourth's own warfare against Glyndwr was remarkably unsuccessful; so much so, that his failure was universally ascribed to the arts of witchcraft—

'The King had never but tempest foule and raine,
As long as he was ay in Wales grounde:
Rokes and Mystes, Winds and Stormes, certayne
All men trowed Witches it made that stounde.'

The Monk of Evesham, speaking of Henry's second expedition, says, that he could never find Glyndwr: 'Ipsum vero Glyndwr nec vidit, nec ubi esset aliquid audivit.' The tactics, however, which suited the savage fastnesses of Wales were no longer either profitable or expedient when Henry was really to be met by a powerful combination in the field. Glyndwr missed the critical moment. Had he joined his forces to those of Sir Henry Percy at the battle of Shrewsbury, there seems ground to believe that Henry the Fourth must have been defeated. Owen tried to repair the oversight by introducing French auxiliaries, who arrived sometime in 1405, and for a while upheld his cause; but, though successful, they found little to be gained by remaining in a ravaged country. They left him to drag his war out upon his own resources. The remainder of Glyndwr's life was distinguished by few exploits. He maintained his resistance without being really formidable. At one time he certainly struck a panic into England. From the MS. of the Historia Aurea of John of Tynmouth, in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, we learn that the following miserable hexameter was inscribed upon the wall at the end of the Monk's Choir of St. Alban's Abbey:—

'Christe Dei splendor, supplico tibi destrue Gleyndor.'
Glyndwr's death is usually placed in 1415. At Corwen, the next stage beyond Llangollen on the road to Bangor Ferry, the head of Glyndwr is still the sign of the principal inn; and its environs abound in traditions of the most marvellous kind relating to him. At Rug also, a mile from Corwen, the seat of Col. Salusbury, his knife and dagger are shewn, preserved in one sheath. Numerous, however, as are the traditions relating to Glyndwr in this district, they are confined to it. In other parts of Wales, particularly in the south, nothing is either known or remembered of him beyond the facts established by history."

The foregoing is but a scant example of Mr. Ellis's excellent work; but we can assure our readers that it is deserving of their utmost attention.

Lays and Legends of the Rhine. By J. R. Planché. With Illustrations and Views from Sketches taken on the Spot. 4to. London, 1827. Goulding and D'Almaine.

WHEN the first part of this, now completed, work appeared, with its accompanying music, we joined ours to the general voice in chorusing its praise. Nor are we inclined to withhold the same tribute from it, now, as a literary production; though we have not yet seen the music which is to add a charm to the second and concluding part. At present we speak of it as a very interesting poetical volume; in which some of the old Rhenish stories (and who does not love the old Rhenish?) are very prettily paraphrased by Mr. Planché.

As in the preceding part, there are eight

Legends, and the interest of none of them is lost in the hands of our author; though we must indulge in a pleasant laugh at his summary of the first, where he gravely tells us that the Countess Genofeva was "unharmd by the *beasts of prey* with which it" (the forest where she sought refuge) "was *peopled*." As the bias of Mr. Planché is evidently towards the good humoured in his own compositions, we are sure he will be among the foremost to enjoy his own hibernicism about *peopling* the woods with *beasts of prey*.

The following is, however, a much more apt illustration of his talents:—

"The Chapel of the Stromberg.

Old Man.—'They came with the torch, and they came with the sword;

They master'd the brand of the brave old lord;
They dragg'd him down by his thin gray hair,
And stabb'd him like felons and cowards there!
When I saw him murder'd so cruelly,
I pray'd they would do the like by me I.

They tore the banners that graced the hall;
They plunder'd the chapel of pyx and pall;
They fired the burgh within and without,
And half'd the blaze with a fiendish shout.
When I saw the flames rush up so red,
I wish'd I lay with my master dead I.

Sir Dietrich.—'Now a curse be upon them each and all!
By the swords of their own sons may they fall!
But for pity's sake, thou man of age!
Guide my steps to the hermitage,
Where my lady-love and her sister fair
Pass the moments in sorrow and prayer.'

Old Man.—'Tis a weary way and a rugged road
Up to that holy and lone abode;
The hill is steep, and the woods are wide
That crown and clothe it on every side.
Thou hast travel'd far, thou noble knight!
Tarry we then till morning's light.'

Sir Dietrich.—'I have ridden for days o'er burning sands,
In my hauberk and hood of mail,
And borne the shock of the desert bands,
And the breath of the desert gale!
Shall I shrink from the toil of a moonlight hour,
When the path leads up to my lady's bower I.

Up the hill and up the hill
The knight and the shepherd go!

Its summit is far above them still,
Though the broad Rhine looks like a thread below;
But floating down through the calm night air,
Comes the vesper song of those sisters fair.

'Ave Maria! Star of the Sea!
Mother and maiden, we call upon thee!
The halls are in ashes where lately we dwelt;
O'erthrown are the altars where nightly we knelt;
But 'en from the depth of this forest so lone,
The prayer of the orphan will rise to thy throne!

Ave Regina Celorum!
Ave Maria! shield us this night
From the fury of man, and the malice of spite,
From the fang of the wolf, and the rage of the blast;
Shield us and save us till darkness be past,
And the light of the morning shines over the wave—
A type of the day-break shall dawn on the grave!
Ave Regina Celorum!

Kneeling in the pale moonlight,
Side by side are those sisters bright,
Like the sculptured forms of angels bent
Over some marble monument.
The clank of arms!—to their feet they start!—
And Bertha is prest to her true knight's heart.

On that meeting I need not dwell;
Ye may fancy it, maidens, well!
Soon by the brave crusader's side,
Bertha of Argensfels bloom'd a bride;
But vainly they strove from vow and veil
To win the heart of their sister pale.

'Loved she also that noble knight?
Stranger, I trow thou hast guess'd aright!
But they knew not, to her dying day,
The worm that was eating her life away.

On the crest of that woody hill
Standeth a little chapel still;
You may see its walls of white
Through the green leaves gleaming bright.
There did the maiden live and die,
And there do her holy ashes lie."

In another of these ballads there is a fair versification of a very curious and beautiful allegory of the river Rhine. Mr. P. says:—

"In a little French work lately published at Frankfurt, I found the following ingenious allegory, translated from some German author whose name is not mentioned:—'Dans son

enfance le Rhin joue entre les fleurs des Alpes de la Suisse, il se berce dans le lac de Constance, il en sort avec des forces nouvelles, il devient un adolescent bouillant, fait une chute à Schaffhouse, s'avance vers l'âge mûr, se plaît à remplir sa coupe de vin, court chercher les dangers et les affronte entre les écueils et les rochers : puis parvenu à un âge plus avancé, il abandonne les illusions, les sites romanesques, et cherche l'utile. Dans sa caducité il dépérit et disparaît enfin on ne sait trop comment !"

And he has thus expressed the same sense in poetry—

The Rhine.

"Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
Cradled in the Boden-see,
Forth the infant river flows,
Leaping on in childish glee.
Coming to a ripper age,
He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
And makes a gallant pilgrimage
To many a ruin'd tower and shrine.
Strong and swift, and wild and brave,
On he speeds with crestéd wave:
And spurning aught like check or stay,
Fights and foams along his way,
O'er crag and shoal, until his flood
Boils like manhood's hasty blood !
Older, broader, deeper grown,
All romantic follies down,
Now the laden Beutschiff sails
Slowly o'er his sober tide,
Which wanders on through fertile vales,
And looks like Peace by Plenty's side.
Joy, and strife, and labour past,
In his grave he sinks at last !
Not the common river's tomb—
Not the ocean's mighty womb:
Into earth he melts away,
Like that very thing of clay,
Man—whose brief and chequer'd course
He hath copied from his source !"

We have only to mention, in conclusion, that the subjects of the plates are very picturesque and interesting, and that they are executed in a pleasing and able style.

English Fashionables Abroad. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

SPEAKING of this work as a mere novel, it is as very trash as Minerva in her degeneracy ever brought forth : an intricate without being an interesting plot ; characters introduced forgetful of the wherefore and the why ; love-making, whose difficulties are of the old approved recipe, such as a word would have cleared, only there would then have been no book ; and, finally, a *dénouement* strained and hurried,—such are the faults that weigh down one side. To counterbalance these, however, there are some humorous anecdotes, some lively sketching, and an intimate knowledge of the scenes described. We shall just dip, and make our extracts at hazard.

"She could not help noticing the astonishing strength and alacrity with which the *Fachini* (a class amongst the Italians corresponding to our porters,) lifted the accumulated weights which even the multifarious luggage of a lady of fashion could offer. These men, without either assistance or reluctance, carried on their heads or shoulders, trunks, that the united prowess of two or three London chairmen would not have been found sufficient, either from inclination or strength, to move, and such as would have engaged the tongues, if not the energies, of half-a-dozen Irish labourers for half an hour ; and yet these 'enervated,' 'degenerate' Romans, sprang forward lustily, scarcely bending under their load, and only curving their fine athletic forms to the stoop of an Atlas, for whose stature they might have served as admirable prototypes.

"That image of the Virgin which is surrounded by precious stones," said the young priest, "was done by St. Luke above two thousand years ago,"—a mistake in chronology which amused Emily. "He reminds me," said Myrrin in English, "of one of the choir at Santa Croce in Florence, of whom I inquired how long it was since the first anno Domini ; and after puzzling some time, he referred me to his superior : 'for noviciates,' said he, 'are never initiated into secrets.'"

Italian Party.—Lady Harman and her niece proceeded to the Corso Palace ; at whose open gate-way stood two soldiers, armed *cap-à-pied*, to give martial intimation to such of the *valets de place* as obsequiously waited outside, of the respectful homage now due to their late compeer the present duke, and of the elevation to which the wheel of fortune might hereafter raise themselves. The dim light which twinkled over the door-way of the palace fortunately concealed, rather than displayed, the accumulation of dirt which the court-yards of *Roman palaces* are privileged to contain : but, unfortunately, one invidious ray fell on a heap of orange-skins, which lay near the door, and gave at once a striking example of the economised liberality with which the noble host had prepared for the reception of his guests. The 'darkness visible' was, however, suddenly dispelled by the luminous appearance of two pages, belonging to one of the many ambassadors who frequent the weekly levee of this courteous duchess : and Emily, who never before had seen any similar figures, except on the stage, stopped to admire the brilliant lightness of their costume. Their small caps, crowned with plumes ; their jackets rich with embroidery, bound tight round their waists with silken sashes ; their yellow Turkish slippers, which scarcely shod their feet, and gave no sound to their steps ; and above all, the tall waxen flambeaux which each held in his hands, appearing like wands of flame, all surprised and delighted Emily.

"At last they reached the top of the staircase, where the same sort of matted curtain which Emily had observed at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, hung before a door to exclude the air, and to mark the entrance to the Duchess di Buonamano's assembly-rooms. Having passed under it, a scene presented itself, as new to English ladies as surprising to all. It consisted of a *conversazione* amongst the servants, belonging, as well to the visitors, as to the house. A narrow lane was left in the crowd for the passage of the company ; and on the benches which fenced it in, some dozen others lounged for the purpose, not of awaiting the orders of their superiors, but of criticising them in audible observations, as they passed in review before them. But by far the greatest number were collected in groups of gamblers, each of which was amply supplied with the cards and dice necessary for their different avocations. The room was extremely well lighted, and altogether displayed a saturnalia which is only to be found amongst the slaves of foreign dissipation. No sooner did Lady Harman and Emily cross the unhallowed threshold, preceded by their *valet de place*, than a universal murmur arose, which, in a moment, increased to loud hisses.

"A gentleman, dressed in black, advanced to inquire into the cause of this tumult. It arose from the circumstance that Lady Harman's *valet de place* had, the night before, left a similar assembly without discharging a gambling debt, which had exceeded the gain of many months. This summary justice, which few of the Roman servants have the courage to resist, soon procured payment of the debt of honour, which a fortunate prize in the lottery of the morning enabled the defaulter to redeem ;

and Lady Harman and her niece proceeded through the other ante-rooms without further molestation, escorted by the stranger. He had, however, no sooner conducted them up to the duchess, and announced their names, than he returned to his solitary station in the apartments which intervene between those of the servants and the company : Lady Harman for a moment thought this station was emblematical of his rank, and classed him in order with the well-powdered butlers in England. But in this she was mistaken. He was only one of the many poor nobles of Rome, who, for a stipend of a few hundred crowns, attend in the ante-rooms of their richer brethren, for the sole purpose of transmitting from the liveried servants to their masters the names and titles of their guests ; and who, after the season of reception is past, return to their own rank in life, and spend in a summer's day of splendour the earnings of their winter's degradation."

"At the Comtesse Inganni's a single lamp now stood on a table, in the centre of the room ; but its rays were confined by a green silk shade as sedulously as the lights in a theatre are concealed by screens. The effect in both is such visible darkness, that the unaccustomed eye feels the transition almost painful. Round this table the majority of the guests were already assembled, when Lady Harman and Miss Sternheim entered. Against the wall, at one end of the room, was placed a couch, on which, as usual, sat the ladies of highest rank ; and on each side, in regular gradation of age and dignity, were placed the remainder of the female visitors, in the form of a half-moon. At the end of these lunar horns was left a small space,—a line of fearful demarcation,—beyond which, in a corresponding semicircle, were placed all the gentlemen who composed the party."

"When a Roman lady expresses a wish to see you at her house, she is thereby understood to give you an eternal permission to visit her on such evenings as she is at home, which is generally restricted to one in seven. On that night, the lady of the house is expected to appear in her own drawing-room at about half-past six, in a dress infinitely more neglected and *déshabillé* than her usual morning costume. From that hour till about nine, she is in duty bound to 'entertain' all who choose to call upon her ; that is, to say a few words in a whisper to each person who comes in or goes out of the room. About nine o'clock, the *conversazione* concludes, and the lady may begin to 'entertain' herself, which is generally done, first at her toilette, and then at the *salottino* : for though the latter may be held at her own house, it forms quite a distinct occupation and establishment from that of her drawing-room circle. The early part of those evenings in which the *conversazione* are not at her home, she spends in returning these nocturnal visits ; and as frequently many of these are paid in one evening, the circles at these different houses are continually revolving, thus producing change without variety ; and in the space of two or three hours, a fortunate person may hunt the identical half-dozen poke bonnets he encountered at his first visit, round all the houses of their mutual acquaintances. Yet this method of substituting evening for morning visits would be agreeable enough, if the leisure it allowed was applied to any rational pursuit. But as Italian ladies, with very few exceptions, learn nothing but embroidery, it little matters how their superfluity of leisure is divided.

"The circle was divided into *ex-parte* *ladies*, each speaking under their breath to their

next neighbour, and thus contributing their quota to the little subdued but incessant murmur which crept round the room like the echo of a whispering gallery. At last, one of the ladies rose from her seat. Madame Inganni took the hint, and advancing towards her, seized hold of both her hands, kissed each of her cheeks alternately, and then handed her over to her *cavaliere servante*, who in the meantime had prepared her shawl. The master of the house then stepped forward in solemn silence, and made a low bow to the departing guest, whose cavalier grasping fast hold of her under the arm, or rather under the shoulder, handed her off, much in the way a Yorkshire clown would assist a gouty old man.

"It is the pride of England, that wherever she chooses to direct the force of her genius, there she is always paramount. Italian painters freely acknowledge that no other school can compare with ours in the three branches of the art,—water-colour, miniature, and portrait painting; and the name of Harlow is alone sufficient to establish our claims to excellence even beyond these. Sir Thomas Lawrence has done still more; for he has proved, not only the superiority of our school, but of his own pre-eminent talents, in the manner in which he took the late pope's likeness, as well as in its execution. The pope having sent for him, put on his robes as the painter requested, and then entered into a gracious conversation with him, in the pleasures of which both seemed to forget the purpose of the visit; till Sir Thomas suddenly starting up, with little more than three touches of his pencil, put in an eye and nose; and then making a bow of thanks, released the pontiff from any further attention. On that occasion, as on every other, the pope left his visitors instead of their quitting his presence; and no sooner was he gone, than Sir Thomas, seating one of the bishops who had been in attendance (oh, the ascendancy of genius!) on the papal chair so lately vacated, and clothing him with the robes of state, copied their folded intricacies as rapidly as he had caught inspiration from the pontiff's eye. That evening, the Romans flocked to see the portrait of their beloved sovereign, which, to their delighted eyes, seemed as great a miracle as that of the Virgin painted by herself at Florence: six more such sittings were all the painter asked, and his finished work has not disappointed its early promise."

There are many such lively pictures scattered through these pages, and the reader may be well entertained by the animated way in which this melange of at home and abroad is depicted. It is, however, as we have said, to be despised in the form of a novel, though it is very agreeable in its sketches of foreign society and the manners of our country folk away from the restraints of home.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, on the Proposed Changes in the Laws of Real Property, and on Modern Conveyancing. By Jonathan Henry Christie, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. London, 1827. Murray.

THIS is a very judicious pamphlet upon a very important subject. It is written in a perfectly clear and unaffected style, and treats, in a manner thoroughly intelligible even to lay readers, of matters which are generally thought inaccessible to the uninitiated. This is no small praise; for it is nearly as rare to find a lawyer speaking intelligibly upon law, as to hear a medical doctor willing to dispense with a single term of

his art for the sake of being intelligible in his evidence on a coroner's inquest.

The author proves, we fear too conclusively, that less saving in conveyancing business will be effected by any reforms in the law, than is generally expected; that long deeds and intricate titles will exist, and be sources of expense and trouble, even if all the technical rules of the laws of real estate are done away with.

All this is rather discouraging; but though so much cannot be done as might be wished, we are happy to have the testimony of this writer, that something may be done to increase the security of titles, that some expense may be saved, and that the interests of justice may be advanced by the abolition of old technicalities for which no good reasons probably ever existed, and for the continuance of which there is not only no good reason, but no imaginable excuse.

The author is an enemy to the proposal to make a code of new laws of real property: he says, "A code provides a number of regulations which are intended to be as extensively applicable as possible, that is, to govern the greatest possible number of cases; but the regulations of the code being necessarily limited, it is presently discovered, that the number of cases to which they apply is comparatively small. The human intellect being unable to foresee every posture that human affairs will assume, any set of rules which it provides *a priori* must fail of having any proper applications to a large class of cases, namely, to those which were never contemplated. The project of training such a system *ab ante* is not much more feasible than it would be for an artist to exhaust his fancy in painting human heads and figures, in the hope that each study would prove to be a likeness of some individual." p. 6.

The following observations upon the French codes occur at p. 13.—"Since the commencement of the revolution, France had been the theatre of the greatest violence; property had been acquired by a variety of means besides fair purchase or exchange: men were so much accustomed to barefaced injustice, that the hardships arising from a defective law were but slight in comparison. There the old law was fitted to the old state of things. By the revolution, landed property had in a great measure changed its owners; new men and new maxims had grown up, and the whole system of society was undergoing a change. The seal was not set to the work of revolution till the laws were also changed; till then it was incomplete. To give permanency to the new government, it was a natural step to get rid of laws in which traces of old institutions were too deeply graven to be easily effaced." He adds, that "England may have reasons of her own for changing the laws of real property, but it is a strange mistake to suppose, that the same reasons can exist in this country that existed in France under Napoleon, or that the inconveniences of such a measure would not be felt more sensibly in this country than they were there."

This pamphlet is obviously the work of a very superior understanding—it seems to be written rather hastily, but none can read it without recognising the fruits of extensive experience and profound reflection. The author's high character in his own profession will sufficiently excite the attention of legal circles; but the subject is far indeed from possessing a mere professional interest; and for this reason we have not hesitated to notice it. What Englishman may not be affected in any rash changes of the law that regulates the transmission of real property?

The Odd Volume. Second Series. 12mo. pp. 381. London, 1827. Longman.

THERE is luck in odd numbers, and truly this volume goes far to prove it;—success for the author, entertainment for the reader:—may not both hold themselves in luck? There is considerable variety in these pages: the *Elopement* is one of the worst-managed tales—the principal incident is old; but the next story, *Augustus Ehrman*, deserves unqualified praise,—so does the *Newhaven Pilot*, and so does the *Three Sons*, which is a well-executed translation. With regard to the dramas, there is a good deal of humour in several points: but we doubt whether a farce tells best on paper, and these comic sketches are not, in our opinion, the most amusing parts of the book. It is from the first tale we shall make our extracts, without going through the details of the plot, which is a most interesting one. We shall quote two scenes; one to show the tragic, while the other displays the lighter powers of our author.

"The shades of evening were beginning to fall, when a little skiff, with every sail set, was seen flying across the frith. The moment the shallop touched the opposite shore, a youth in the dress of a page sprung on land, and ran with the speed of lightning to the castle of Dinubirale. His shouts and cries soon awakened the domestics, who, fearing no danger from an unattended youth, admitted him within the walls, and, moved by the earnestness of his entreaties, consented to carry to the earl his petition for an interview. The request was instantly granted, and the youth was marshalled to the presence of the earl, who was sitting near a window which looked out on the silver waves of the Forth, which lay between him and his beloved, on whom his thoughts rested. Moray held in his hand a flaxen ringlet, which, on the near approach of the page, he hid again in his bosom. 'Good youth,' said the earl in a sweet and gentle tone, 'your mission seems one of haste and urgency. I pray that you bring no evil tidings. Come you from Holyrood? Is all well there?' 'Noble Moray,' replied the page, 'stay not to question. Fly, I implore you—delay is ruin—hesitation destruction! Oh, leave this place; seek safety in the woods, before your destroyers come.' 'What frenzy! is this, boy? Fly from my castle! Wherefore? What danger threatens?' 'The worst of dangers—a revengeful foe armed with power. Last night Bothwell broke into the palace, and attempted to seize the king. It is said that you also were among them, and your enemies are even now on their way to drag you before the king to answer this charge.' 'Let them come,' replied Moray, proudly. 'I will accompany them, and vindicate my honour.' 'Hope it not; fly before it is too late—before Huntly carries fire and sword through your halls. Merciful heaven! they are here, and you are lost.' 'Is it even so?' said the earl; nay, then, since Huntly is sent on this mission, my destruction is resolved on.' Soon were heard the dashing of the oars, and the loud shouts of the Gordons as they advanced to the assault. At this moment, Dunbar, the youthful friend of Moray, hurried to him. 'Moray, it is useless to contend. Fly, I implore you. The eastern postern is still unguarded. Escape, I conjure you. Farewell.' And, wringing his hand, Dunbar resolved to save his friend by the sacrifice of himself, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and shouting the war-cry of the earl, called out, 'On, on, brave friends! Follow your lord, I will

conquer, or perish! His noble stratagem had the intended effect; that of drawing all the assailants to that side of the castle, in the belief that it was the earl who led on the small band which now issued from the gates. With a yell of mingled hatred and revenge, the blood-thirsty Gordons rushed on their prey. Then came the fierce encounter—the desperate struggle. The clash of weapons was mixed with loud cries of, 'A Stewart, a Stewart!' and 'A Gordon, a Gordon!' Cut off from his followers, hemmed around with enemies, Dunbar felt that his last hour was at hand; but, determined to sell his life dear, he dealt such blows as despair only can give, and performed prodigies of valour, till Huntly, pressing through the throng, and assailing him from behind, thrust him through with his sword. 'Dastard, you have basely slain him on whose face thou darest not look. May Moray's bitterest curse pursue thee!' As he uttered these words, many weapons were sheathed in his body, and the heroic youth expired without a groan. As soon as Dunbar left them, Moray addressed the page. 'Good youth, save yourself. Take this purse as a small token of my gratitude. The rocks on the east side will afford you concealment till my foes depart. They seek me only. Fly, then, good youth, and let not my last moments be embittered by witnessing your destruction.' Moray turned to leave the apartment. The page fell at his feet, and clasped his knees. 'Moray, disdain not to seek safety in flight. O, hear me, I implore you, were it only to vindicate yourself from the aspersions of your enemies. Let us fly. Oh! horror, what do I see? They have fired the castle!' 'It is even so,' replied the earl. 'Boy, detain me not. I shall die as a soldier should, sword in hand, amidst my foes. But escape is yet in your power. If life be dear to you, lose not an instant.' The roar of the flames, the crashing of beams, and the shrieks of the Gordons, became every moment more terrific. 'Oh! noble Moray, hear me yet again. Let us fly. We may yet be saved. Hear me, as you value your soul's peace!' 'By heavens! boy, sooner than sully mine honour by flight, I will bury myself under the smouldering ruins.' 'Then,' said the page, rising, 'we shall perish together. Oh! heavenly powers, that is Huntly's voice—he comes this way!' and the page, in an agony of fear, covered his face with his small and delicately shaped hands. The truth flashed on Moray. He drew aside the hand, and glanced at the high, commanding forehead, the raven locks, and the bloodless cheek. 'Generous woman!' he exclaimed, raising her in his arms, 'I will save you, or perish.' Feeling that not an instant was to be lost, Moray hurried Lady Magdalene along the passage that led to the east postern. Perilous was the attempt; for on every side of the way which they must tread, the flames were bursting forth, and from time to time burning rafters and half-consumed beams fell almost on their path. But the cries of their pursuers, who had discovered that they were cheated of their prey, were borne to them on the blast, and with a courage arising from despair, the earl and his companion braved the devouring flames, and gaining the postern, fled to the rocks. Here Moray seated his preserver, who averted her eyes from the blazing castle, but Moray gazed on the scene with a look of stern determination. At times the building was enveloped in a dark cloud of smoke; then again the red flames burst forth, and by their light Moray could discern the slaughter of his people by his merciless foes, whose savage shouts of exultation and triumph gave added horror to

the scene. 'By heaven!' said the earl, starting up, 'I were a base craven to sit here in safety, and see my faithful people murdered!' 'In safety, saidst thou?' cried Huntly, whose sword gleamed on high. Lady Magdalene threw herself before Moray, and the weapon of her brother passed through her heart. Unconscious who was his victim, Huntly spurned the body aside, and rushed on Moray. The struggle was fierce, but brief. On the slippery rocks, Huntly stumbled and fell. Moray stood over him, and already was the death-blow descending, when, with a savage yell, a band of Gordons sprung on him, pierced him with innumerable wounds, and thus died the noble Earl of Moray.

'The destruction of the Earl of Moray having removed James's greatest inducement to oppose the union of Logie with the fair Margaret, he was easily prevailed on to pardon the lovers; nay, so unsteadily and facile was his disposition, he was the first to jest on Mistress Margaret's stratagem, and even to applaud himself for having prophesied that love would teach her a way to cheat them all. 'Didna we tell ye,' said James to Harry Lindsay, 'didna we tell ye, that a lassie in love would ding the de'il himself at cheatry? Now, Logie, ye're but a glaiket chiel; but see that ye guide right this bonny bird—and mind, should any ill befall ye, you'll aye hae a friend in James of Scotland. And so you bairns are going to set up your rest at Logie. Your prince and master whiles wishes himself that he could fling his crown o'er Arthur's Seat, and don the shepherd's bonnet; but that cannot be. But, Logie, man, keep a sharp ee upon your wife, for ye ken she has got an ill gate o' louping out o' windows. But we'll hae a braw wedding, that we're resolved on. And Lindsay, man, set pen and ink before us, and we will ourselves indite a letter to our billy, Sandie Fotheringham, the Laird o' Powrie, to ask the lend o' his silk stockings for us to dance at the bridal.' Writing materials being placed before him, the royal scribe wrote thus:—'Sandie, We would be sair affronted that ye deprived yoursel o' the sunshine o' our princely favour, did we no ken that it is mair for want o' power than will. We hae therefore resolved to make use o' pen speech to tell you, that we are to hae a blythe bridal here; and that we may show all fitting honour to the bride, we hae gane near to the bottom o' our purse, whilk our treasurer (may the muckle deil take him) keeps as lath as a hazel wand, and as toom as a beggar's bicker. We therefore desire you to send to us, your ain loving prince and maister, the new silk hose whilk ye had on when last in our royal presence; in the whilk we doubt not you will pleasure us, and merit our special thanks. Now, see that ye do all diligence in repairing to our court, for here is a Danish Jurdane bragging that he has ne'er yet met with his match in a bowze. He has overcome already twa or three Fife lairds, and ye ken that's no saying little; but our billy, Sir Robert Lawrie, the Laird of Maxwellton, has taken up the clubs for the honour of Scotland, and they have been drinking together for three days. By my faith, I would gie twenty rose nobles to hear Maxwellton blaw the last blast on the wee black whistle. From Halyroodhouse, where we are drinking and driving in the auld manner.'

'JAMES R.
'Postscriptum. Scotland for ever! The Dane's beneath the table, and Rab's on the tap o't, blawing like the deevil.

'Right trusty friend the
'Laird of Powrie, Fotheringham, Elder.'

'James kept his royal word; and on the day of Margaret's bridal, the walls of Halyrood echoed to the sounds of mirth and revelry. The homely dishes of powsowdie and rummle-thumps, were displaced by venison, goose, grice, capon, crane, swan, coney, partridge, plover, duck, brissel-cock, pawnsies, and capercaillies; and the stewards, baxters, cooks, and potingers, showed their skill in the confections and dainties which graced the dessert; and brimming cups of aquavits, hippocras, malvasy, and muskadel, went round to the healths of the bridegroom and bride. On the conclusion of the banquet, the queen retired, followed by all her ladies, and James for some time caroused to his heart's content. His mirth, however, received an interruption in the shape of a message from the queen. 'An please your majesty,' said Harry Lindsay, 'I am commanded by the queen's grace to say she waits your presence.' 'Let the queen's grace just wait on,' replied James, in a huff. 'By my saul, she maun hae her finger in every pie. Can we no birl the bowl a while without her allowance?' 'So please your majesty, her grace says you promised to tread a measure with the bride.' 'By my faith, and so we did. Weel, my lords, ye see we maun a' rin when our wives cry bizz. Away wi' ye, Lindsay, and tell her grace (faith, she has little grace or manners either, to disturb us before we hae weel warmed in our seats)—away wi' ye, and say we'll no be lang ahint ye.' Somewhat out of humour at the sudden termination of his carousal, James, with a tardy step, proceeded to join the queen and her fair bevy; but his discontent rapidly faded away before the mirth and gaiety which prevailed among them; and he hastened to the upper end of the tapestried chamber, where stood the queen supporting and encouraging the fair Margaret, the blaze of whose youthful beauty cast that of all others into the shade. 'Come hither, truant,' said the queen gaily; 'we claim your promise to lead a measure with our fair bride. By my faith, she looks worthy of a royal mate. Saw you ever a fairer damsel?' 'Ay,' replied James, 'at Upslo.' 'Go to, flatterer,' answered the queen, evidently gratified with this homage to her charms. 'You shall not so cozen us. But what think you of her tire? The carkanet of emeralds becomes her indifferent well. We ourself fancied her kirtle.' 'The carkanet sets her no that ill,' answered James; 'but, by my troth, ye might hae made the kirtle a thought shorter. Harry Lindsay, bid the music strike up!..... We regret that tradition has not handed down to us any further particulars respecting these festivities, except James's speech on the conclusion of the revels. 'Gude safe us, Lindsay, if we havena driven a score o' holes in Powrie's new silk hose!''

And now let who will judge for themselves; for ourselves, there is enough in these pages to make us anticipate the Busy Bodies with high expectations—it is a promising title.

Historiettes; or, Tales of Continental Life.
By the Author of "The English in Italy."
3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1827. Saunders and Otley.

We scarcely think this work equal to its animated and lively predecessor, "the English in Italy;"—there is less general information, and many of the tales are written in a style of wire-drawing which their incidents are not sufficiently original to save from flagging. Still there are often scenes which catch the eye—humorous and lively touches which may well arrest

the reader's attention. The Week at Tours is a very amusing sketch of the foreign mania folly; and from the German Lottery we shall give the picture of Aix.

"I begged of my companion therefore to direct me to a money-changer's. It was in his way. We entered the shop, and I procured *thalers* in exchange for my Napoleons. Methought I had too many of these heavy silver coins to carry with convenience. I said so. 'Without a long line,' observed the money-changer, 'there is no catching of fish.' A very pretty proverb, thought I, but what hath it to do with o'erloading my pockets with Prussian dollars? 'But if you want more by and by,' continued the money-changer, 'you have but to descend here, and a written word will be sufficient surety for me, I know *Messieurs les Anglois*.' 'And I am sure you know me,' said my companion, advancing to the counter. 'You are an old acquaintance, sir,' replied the man of money, politely, but at the same time removing his *thalers*. 'Come,' said Fearnock, 'let us see your venture. You are, I promise you, at the very head-quarters of fortune, be it good or ill.' I followed his guidance, which happened to be stair-ward, not street-ward, in somewhat of a quandary, until upon entering a brilliant saloon, I found myself at a crowded gaming-table, beneath which the money-changer had conveniently fixed his abode. I was nowise annoyed. This very scene was one of the principal sights of Aix, rivalling in fame even the Minister. To pass without having seen it, would have been a disgrace. Frascati was a mere private party, compared with the public gambling room of Aachen—here were all countries mingled, German, French, and English—Spanish and Italian, not a few, all refugees, bearing witness, quite against all my pre-conceptions, to the lenity of the Prussian police;—in short, 'twas a congress, though not met for the saintly purposes of that from which emanated the Holy Alliance. Englishmen know not how to gamble, save on a racing ground. It is quite inconceivable why they should be more nervous at risking, than spendthrifts of other nations—nay, why they should be so much so, considering their greater superfluity of cash. But although money be of less comparative value with us than with other nations, yet it is of more importance to possess it. An Englishman in fact is nothing without it; he is a lost, despised, starved man. Now here a man may play hide and go seek for a long time with want, without altogether sinking. The Englishman games with all the consciousness and nervousness of crime. The wild sons of the north here rush to it as a savage to spirituous liquor—it is a furious appetite, and then, whether it lend to mirth or disaster, it is intoxication. There was near me a young Russian, in scarlet boots too, which caused me to remark him, who lost and won sums that might have made or marred a prince. But he was a heated player. Those worth regarding were the phlegmatic Germans, each full of his theory, and watching the turn of Fortune's wheel, with eyes that much resembled wisdom. There is no resisting example. Besides, I felt the necessity of paying for the sight. So I staked, and won. Staked, and won. Lost and won. *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. I settled myself to the table, and played with interest, winning handsomely, with a strong run. 'Give me a few of those curse—s — rix-dollars,' said my companion, unable to restrain his envy. He scarcely waited for the granting of his request. He staked, and won. We continued side by side. 'I have got your luck, honey,'

said Fearnock, 'turn about with yourself.' And I obeyed him, after three farther trials to recatch luck,—lingering and loath to quit. My half-hour's play proved an introduction to those present, and whilst waiting for my Hibernian friend, that I might not lose my way in Aachen, and be unable to extricate from any passer-by a plainer direction than that of Yawohl, I soon learned all the tidings and topics that for that day interested the gay sojourners at Aix. Scandal, of course, that atmosphere of *Eaux* and watering-places, made the greater part of these. It was confined, however, to what was visible and present. For as the company was gathered together from distant and strange countries, each of which neither knew or cared aught for the natives of the other, there was no petty tea-table gossip, no village traditions and scandals. Calumny and envy were on a grand scale, and therefore more respectable than the at once mean and poisonous slanders that kill or wound reputations in our little towns of lath and plaster edifices, with their lath and plaster population, on the borders of the ocean. It was not debated whether count so or so was somewhat of an unfair player, whether the princess, &c. was somewhat indiscreet—it was, whether the one had not cheated, and the other intrigued with every person they ever had the happiness to encounter. The talk of Cheltenham or Brighton is mere novel-provender: that of Aix is mystery and romance. Who is to learn the birth or respectability of a Polish or Hungarian family? or how are their conduct and purposes to be fathomed, if they choose or happen to render one or other mysterious? How all this would enchant some of our middling class of dowagers, who live on conjectures respecting the ways of their neighbours!

We cannot part without a word of advice to our author; he has observation, talent, and a lively vein of satire—but he writes too carelessly, and wants compression: these three detailed tomes would have made one and a half, worthy a writer who could do much better than he has now done.

Hamilton's Travels in Colombia.

[Conclusion.]

HAVING devoted so much of our previous notice to points of natural history, we shall now wind up with more general topics; but from the character of the work, as we have observed, our extracts must of necessity be very miscellaneous and unsorted. Our readers will, however, derive this benefit from this process—they will have more of the plums with less of the pudding than has fallen to our lot.

In navigating the great stream of the Magdalena in champans (large boats) and piraguas (small canoes), the crews consist of boga men, of no very steady habits.

'Provisions are found for the champan-men by the person who provides the crew, and are distributed to them by the patron or captain of the champan every day, consisting of salt beef, plantains, and sometimes rice. These are cooked in the stern of the vessel, and brought to them in a large iron pot; they wash their paddles and lay them in the bottom of the boat to form a table, when the mess is served out to them, which they eat with their fingers: most of them have for dessert a cake of sugar.'

'The bogas lead either the most indolent or the most laborious life, being able to pole up a champan against the tide, from six in the morning till six in the evening, under a tropical sun, allowing an hour and a half for breakfast and dinner. In the operation of poling,

their movements are sometimes slow, sometimes quick, and regulated by the voice of one or two of the men. This noise is at first unpleasant, but custom soon reconciles you to it, and you think no more of it than a miller does of the grinding of his mill. What is not so easily passed over, is the shaking when the bogas vary the monotony of their movements by a sort of short jump or dance, which completely puts a stop to reading or writing; they frequently throw water over the boat's covering to cool it. The bogas, from their exertions and constant walking over the hot decks, are subject to sore legs, and we frequently saw in the villages young men disabled by this sort of work, and from want of proper medical advice, remaining a burden to their families. I think the passage up this river, from confinement all day in a champan with the bogas, the intense heat of the climate, the swarms of mosquitoes of different sizes and sorts, of which there are five, and sleeping on hot sand-banks, is as bad and uncomfortable a pilgrimage as a human being can well have to perform. This being the case, the traveller can have but one object, which is to shorten the penance as quickly as possible: for this purpose, I strongly recommend taking two or three small barrels of rum, and two or three hundred cigars, and giving the bogas, as long as they work well, two or three cigars and a glass of rum every morning and evening. The poor fellows really deserve it; for poling so many hours under a burning sun is excessively hard work, and would probably kill any European in a few days.'

At Bogota, our countryman declares that the climate is favourable to the complexions of the ladies. Their amusements are various. *Ec. gr.*

'The officers of state, civil and military, went in much state from the palace to the great cathedral, to return thanks for the victory of Bojarcia, gained by Bolivar over the Spanish General Don José Maria Barreiro, in August 1819. The general was afterwards shot, with thirty-eight other Spanish officers, in the Great Square; and as a friar had been turbulent, and active in supporting the Spaniards, he was added to the number, making forty. It is really dreadful to reflect on the sanguinary manner in which the war was carried on at this time between the contending parties. The fate of General Barreiro I believe was much regretted by the Bogotian ladies. He had once commanded the garrison of Bogota, was remarkably handsome, not more than thirty years old, and a man of great gallantry: he was called 'El Adonis de las mugeres' (the Adonis of the women). When brought out to be shot, he displayed great firmness.'

The colonel himself saw a black colonel in the patriot service shot in the same place. It was for murder, and he is represented as an atrocious ruffian.—He also tells us of other sights.

'On the 9th of August all the troops of the garrison assembled about a league and a half from the Maracaibo road, where a sham fight took place in honour of the victory of Bojarcia. The vice-president commanded one part of the troops, and Colonel Paris the other. The ground was hilly, and broken with large rocks, and particularly favourable for the movement of light troops; and being on a declivity, the effect was very good for the spectators stationed in the road below. Two or three serious accidents occurred, from some of the militia-men loading their pieces with small stones, by which some artillery-men were severely wounded. When the spectators heard of this, they all kept at a respectful distance from the

contending armies. Our astonishment was great at observing Colonel Blanco, ci-devant friar, on the ground on horseback, with the supreme judge of the high court *en croupe* behind him! What would the good people of this country think, if they were to see the Lord Chancellor riding behind the Adjutant-general at a review at Hounslow before his Majesty? Here it was thought nothing of. Fortunately the day was remarkably fine. Many ladies were on horseback to see the fight."

On the route from Bogota to the southern provinces, at Tocayan, "In passing by the gaol, I was surprised to see it full of young men; and on my remarking to the commandant that I supposed there were many robberies in the neighbourhood, he replied, 'Oh no, the people were honest and quiet; that these prisoners were only young volunteers, from the province of Neyva, going to join a newly raised regiment at Bogota, and that these volunteers were confined for the night, to prevent their running away.' This explanation amused us exceedingly."

"We travelled all day over a large savannah, interspersed with a few low hills, and found the heat exceedingly great. On the road we met with some more volunteers with their hands tied together, so that I suspect those who serve in the Colombian armies are only volunteers by name."

The party was now nearly 1600 miles in the interior, and the annexed is a native portrait.

"It was impossible to help smiling as we looked at the doctor, who was altogether in his travelling dress on horseback as comical a figure as can be imagined. Fancy to yourself a man with large black prominent eyes, blood-shot, with rather a wild expression, aquiline nose of considerable dimensions, mouth not very small, with a cigar constantly in it, large black whiskers, sharp chin, a long face, and you have the doctor's appearance. Sitting up all night drinking and gaming had not improved his physiognomy: at this time he might have represented 'el caballero de la triste figura.' He wore a huge straw-hat, with Colombian cockade, short jacket of blue and white striped cotton, light blue trousers, jack boots with immense spurs; a long French dragoon-sword, with brass basket hilt, fastened to a waist-belt, was dangling on one side of his horse, a brace of horse pistols sticking out of his holsters, a powder-horn slung over his shoulders, and occasionally the old French silver-mounted gun carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. I must not omit amongst the doctor's accoutrements a third pocket-pistol, the muzzle of which was frequently applied to his mouth. The gray horse was certainly a good animal, but as thin as Rosinante. The doctor's black servant, Candela, was nearly as droll a figure as his master, and was always at his heels, either with a light for his cigar, or to hand him the gun."

To this we may as well here as elsewhere, add an anecdote or two.

"I was amused (says Col. H.) by a story told me by an English officer in the service of Columbia of one of his soldiers, who was an Irishman:—Paddy walking one day through the streets of Caracacas, chanced to see a dollar on the ground: he kicked it on one side with much contempt, exclaiming, 'By J— I came to the Americas for gold; I'll not tarnish my fingers with silver coin.'"

"The ladies of Bogota are adorned with emeralds of a peculiarly fine green, and without flaws, which is rare in these stones, and makes them very valuable. These emeralds are all

from the mines of Moussa, where some of the largest in the world have been found, and are now in the possession of the King of Spain. He has one of so large a size that his majesty uses it as a paper-presser. I was told that the curé of Moussa had a waistcoat with small emerald buttons, the greater part of which had been found in the crops of fowls and turkeys, picked up by them in their rambles to digest their food."

The subjoined literary notice teaches us to look forward to a desirable publication on the Colombian revolution.

"Senor Rastrapo, minister of the interior, is of a good family in the province of Antioquia, and had been brought up to the law. He spoke French and English tolerably well; the latter he had learnt in the United States. He had suffered much during the civil war, and was for a considerable time detained prisoner by the Spaniards; in the course of which period he had been sometimes obliged to work hard at the fortifications. He was anxious to eradicate all the narrow-minded prejudices imbibed by the middling and lower classes of people under the government of the Spanish viceroys, friars, and priests, and no man was more exemplary in his conduct than this minister. He was never seen at the gaming-table. His time was now much occupied in writing the history of the civil war, which had terminated in the freedom of his country. I know no one better calculated for the performance of this difficult task, as he possesses much judgment and discrimination, great industry, and a dispassionate mind. The work will be printed in England; he told me he had finished the first part."

The fine arts, especially painting, appear to be in a state of high cultivation in Quito. Colonel H. saw some admirable pictures, but could not obtain a specimen to bring home with him.

The crossing of the Andes is a fearful and dangerous undertaking, and many lives are lost in attempting the journey.

"The passing of these Paramos (says the author), or summits of the Andes, is a serious undertaking, particularly at unfavourable seasons of the year; many travellers lose their senses from it. General Bolivar once suffered much in passing the Paramo of Pisba, in the rainy season of 1819; and an officer at Popayan, who had been in the corps of Albion (Scotchmen), stated to me, that, in passing that Paramo, six officers and fifty-four men lost their lives; another officer, colonel in the same corps, gave me the following description of this dreadful march over the lofty mountains of New Grenada, in 1819:—'As we approached the mountains of New Grenada, the scenery was grand and sublime beyond description; the Cordilleras first broke on our view. As we advanced, the winter became more severe, the water forced its passage from the mountains with such velocity, and the rain increased the rivers so much, that several officers and men were carried down by the current in attempting to pass, and two unfortunate soldiers were drowned. Mules, with baggage, were repeatedly swept away by the current, leaving no wreck behind. The troops were assisted in crossing the rivers, by strong ladders, made from hides, but nothing could prevent the loss of fire-locks and ammunition. The route for the army lay over a part of the country which was almost unknown; Bolivar had taken this line of march, in order to deceive the Spaniards. After marching fifty days, having halted only three during the period, we entered the moun-

tain by an Indian wood, and here our British soldiers suffered dreadfully in their feet, having to march over rocks and flints without shoes or stockings, and, to add to their misfortunes, the rains were incessant. At last, we arrived at the foot of the famous Paramo of Pisba; a description of this day's march can only be given by those persons who had the good fortune to survive; and, even at this time, I think almost with horror of the melancholy scene. The native troops passed the Paramo three days before the English; and when I passed over it, I counted the dead bodies of eighty soldiers, and might have enumerated many more, had I not lost my reckoning. Four officers and forty-four soldiers, of the corps of Albions, died by the road-side, in passing this dreadful Paramo, some of them Germans. I saw many of these unfortunate men expiring by my side, without the power of giving them the least assistance. In this situation, I made several efforts to take their fire-locks from them, but found it impossible, from the firm manner in which they grasped them until life was extinct. I must observe, that we had been sixty-four hours with wet clothes on, and for the last thirty we had been unable to cook, owing to the incessant rains that fell; so that the poor soldiers, with empty stomachs and half naked, endeavoured to pass the bleak Paramo of Pisba, where continual sleet is observed, and the air so rarified as to be dangerous even to men having every comfort about them. The produce of this barren spot is confined to one kind of plant, called *el fraylegon*; the same is to be found in great abundance in all Paramos; the leaves of it are remarkably soft and white, and equal in size to a large turnip leaf, and the soldier thought himself particularly fortunate when able to get a sufficient number to form his bed.' In the crown of this plant is a sort of gum, which is made into turpentine, and has some medicinal qualities: I sent a specimen to London, and hope soon to be able to make a favourable report of this singular production. Having received at Bogota this terrible account of the passage of the Paramo of Pisba, I was glad to hear the old guide declare we should be able to pass the Paramo of Guanaco in safety."

"It is singular that there should be more danger to travellers passing the Paramos of the Andes in the summer months, viz. May, June, and July, than at any other time of the year. No one should venture to sit down during the passage; if they do, they are almost sure to become emparanados, when they die in a few minutes, sometimes in the act of eating and drinking; a sort of stupor coming suddenly over them, from which they seldom recover."

Some of the prospects and scenery are so indescribably grand, however, as to require the traveller for his perils and suffering; and our author on his return through the extensive valley of Cauca, found it to be a perfect terrestrial paradise, and the inhabitants only too kind and hospitable. Indeed, it is gratifying to observe, that our countrymen were warmly received, and nobly entertained, by all ranks throughout the whole of their mission: the names of England and Englishmen were the highest in favour which could be sounded in Columbia.

"In Popayan there are only two classes of inhabitants; a few very rich families, including the bishop and clergy, and all the rest small shop-keepers or pulperos; consequently the houses are either large and handsome, or small dwellings, with shops. A stranger suffers great inconvenience at Popayan from the want of a

market: most of the poultry, fruit, and vegetables, are brought to the shopkeepers by the Indians from the adjacent mountains, who sell the articles to them, and they again have their profit on the re-sale. The Indians bring down from the mountains of Puracé, in a day or day and a half, abundance of snow, so that you have every thing well iced at a cheap rate, and there are persons going through the streets with sweet ices, of which you get a large tumbler full for five-pence. Many of the fruits are remarkably fine at Popayan, particularly the chirimoya, which attains in this climate the most delicious flavour; the taste of it is like a mixture of strawberries, cream, and sugar. The Baron de Humboldt says in his travels, "it is worth while for a traveller to go to Popayan, if it were only to eat the chirimoya." The caymato is a fruit peculiar to this province; it is in shape like a lemon, and rather sweet. We had very fine apples, oranges, large strawberries, and figs equal to those in Spain, which were sent to us by the governor, and by Senora Mosquera; we received also one of the largest pomegranates I had ever seen. The climate of Popayan is peculiarly favourable to the production of fruits, as the thermometer of Fahrenheit is never above 76°, nor below 68°. Probably no town in Columbia has suffered more than Popayan during the struggle of the Columbians for their liberty. It had been occupied by the Spaniards and Patriots sixteen times respectively, and I suspect frequently plundered by friends and foes. Popayan was a place of great importance to both parties, from its situation, as the only road from Bogotá to the province of Pasto, Quito, and the south, passed through Popayan, and it is only distant four days' journey from the rich, fertile, and extensive valley of Cauca, from which the general who occupied Popayan could draw all the supplies for his army.

"In our road to the Indian village of Puracé, we had, as usual, most magnificent mountain scenery, and a fine view of the Rio Vinagre, or Vinegar River, so called from its water tasting like vinegar, running through a deep narrow valley on our right.

"After dinner we walked out with the young ladies—one of whom was very pretty—to taste the water of the Rio Vinagre, or Vinegar River, which pursues its course to the westward about half a mile from Puracé, in a small valley; the path which leads to this river was so steep and slippery, that we could scarcely keep on our legs, and Mr. Cade and Wallace attempting to assist the ladies, caused much mirth. The water of the Rio Vinagre is perfectly clear, but its flavour fully justifies the name given it. This river runs into the Cauca about four leagues to the eastward of Puracé, and in consequence of the mixing of its acid water with that of the Cauca, no fish are to be found in the latter river for several leagues below Popayan."

This helping of the ladies reminds us of the gallantry of our ambassador; and as we never like to hint at a fact in our review without justifying it by extract, we shall herein observe our usual practice.

At Cartago, says the gallant colonel—

"Near our dwelling lived four young ladies with their mother, in a neat small house. They had a few acres of land, and kept a couple of cows, and we found them excellent neighbours; every morning the mother sent us a large bowl full of new milk. Common courtesy required that we should call to return thanks for the attention paid us; we found her living very comfortably with her four

daughters and a little boy, the son of the second daughter. The three youngest daughters were very pretty girls, the eldest of them not more than twenty, with fine European complexions. I learnt their history from M. de la Roche, who informed me that they were of the family of Caycedo, one of the richest in the valley of Cauca; that in the civil war, the husband of Senora Caycedo had lost nearly all his property, and that the widow had a small estate left, which produced them four or five hundred a year, on which they lived. The second daughter had been seduced by a merchant under a promise of marriage, who was the father of the little boy we had seen. The widow's house was a capital lounge for my young secretary in a dull town like Cartago; occasionally I paid the ladies a visit, and found them very agreeable good-natured girls. In one of these visits I heard them whistle a trio remarkably well, and they all played on the Spanish guitar, accompanying the instrument with their voices, and sang Spanish songs with much taste. They possessed also another accomplishment, that of swimming well; we saw them all one morning swim across the river La Viega. Fortunately I had some books with me, otherwise I should have found some difficulty in getting through the fortnight we remained at Cartago."

We smell a rat; but no matter: it was after a distressing march over the hills and far away.

"The lower class play on an instrument here, called the alfundoki, which is made of the wood of a tree, called *mano de leon*, naturally hollow. They put into it small black seeds of a fruit named *chakera*; by shaking the instrument the seeds make a considerable, and not altogether disagreeable noise, and on this they accompany the guitar players. The *carraska*, on which they also play, makes a tremendous, and not a melodious noise. It is made of the wood of the black poplar tree, and large notches are cut on one side. The fiddle-stick is one of the ribs of a bullock, which is rubbed over the notches, and would, I conceive, in Europe, produce the same scene as the inimitable Hogarth has so well depicted in his *Enraged Musician*. The tiple is a small guitar played on at Cartago. I brought with me to England a very curious small harp, which was about three feet high, with three octaves of catgut strings. The sounding-board part was made of a whole gourd, large at the bottom and smaller towards the top, to which were pieces of wood roughly joined in the harp shape."

We have but one extract more to offer—it is an account of what a M. Roche discovered in some ancient Indian graves in the mountain of Cucuana.

"In the mountain of Cucuana, near the Paramo of Banegar, I met with a huaco (or ancient sepulchre) of the Indians, in which were two skeletons; one was in a sitting posture, and wrapped in a covering of palm which formed a pyramid; on the bone of the forehead was a plate of gold, which represented a sort of fleur-de-lis, and in the place of the nose, were two rings of gold clasped in one another, of two inches diameter. The other skeleton, which by the ornaments appeared a female, was lying in a large sort of jar which served for a coffin. She had round the vertebrae of the neck eight beads of lime-stone, which appeared like marble, and formed a necklace, from which was suspended another plate of gold like the first, and on the bones of the arms were a multitude of small pearls which seemed to have been bracelets. In the nose was only one large gold ring, falling over the front teeth, and these, with the double

teeth, were all in such perfect preservation as shewed the woman had died young. I also found here, joined to the first body, a piece of baked clay representing the expanded wings of a butterfly, broken off from its body; and recollecting that the Egyptians of antiquity represented the divinity with similar wings, to denote that it had dominion over the winds and inhabited the air, one can by analogy suppose, that this without doubt related to the religion of the Indians, and draw some inference as to their origin."

Here we conclude. Though the colonel's style is not of the best, and his facts are curiously scattered about; and though on most points we desire much further information than he has given us,—yet altogether, as this part of the world is rising into so much importance, and excites so deep a general interest in Europe, we consider that we have but done our duty in devoting, as we have done, ten or twelve of our pages to the illustration of the work.

An Illustrated Introduction to Lamarck's Conchology, &c., containing Twenty-two highly finished Lithographic Plates. By Edmund A. Crouch, F.L.S. London. Longman and Co.; and Mawe.

WHEN a work is wholly composed of scientific descriptions, and graphic illustrations of them, similar to the one before us, it becomes a very difficult task to convey to our readers a proper idea of it; for in such an instance quotations are useless without being aided by the corresponding representations: and as it is not in our power to accomplish the one, we are under the necessity of omitting the other, and must content ourselves by referring the lovers of conchology to the work itself, which will be found admirably adapted for the purpose it is intended; viz. to introduce to the student the improved system of conchology founded by the celebrated French naturalist Lamarck, which is done in a clear and concise manner, by giving a short yet adequate description of the various classes, orders, families, and genera, composing the system; accompanied with illustrations of characteristic and generally well-known species, drawn from nature. This method of conveying instruction in a science cannot be too strongly recommended, particularly in works on natural history; for language alone, however expressive, is incompetent to explain the minute distinctions which frequently distinguish one genus from another;—but when the pen is assisted by the pencil, the information is complete, and is imparted in a manner at once elegant and amusing.

There is nothing more pleasing to the philosophic mind than to contemplate the progress of science,—and possibly no science has made more rapid advances than conchology; for not many years since, shells were mostly collected as expensive and beautiful toys, and were arranged in cabinets to display the elegant symmetry of their form, the brilliancy of their surface, or the beauty and variety of their colour,—and in these particulars few substances can be found to equal them: for instance, what can surpass the *Argonauta* (or paper nautilus) in elegance and delicacy of structure, so poetically described by the late Lord Byron?—

"The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Maab, the fairy of the sea;"

or the various species of the genus *Cyprina* (cowries), and *Oliva* (olives), in the lustre of their surfaces, or in beauty and splendour of

colour, to some of the volutes or pearly earshells (G. Haliotis)? so that we need not be surprised at the increasing taste for collecting these interesting objects, even when the love of science is not the purpose for which they are coveted. Linnæus first brought these substances under laws and rules, and his system is still adhered to by some who imagine that greater simplicity is exemplified in his arrangement; but so many anomalies were found to exist, as the science became cultivated, that it is now nearly superseded by that of Lamarck, which is founded entirely on the formation of the animal, and not, as with the former author, upon the structure of its covering. By adopting this improved system, conchology assumes an importance in natural history, by occupying a proper situation in the scale of animal creation.

But to return to the work before us; we can safely recommend it to the attention of all those who feel interested in this department of natural history. The plates are twenty-two in number; they are thickly though not confusedly studded with figures—indeed considerable taste is displayed in their arrangement; they are beautifully coloured, and have more the appearance of highly finished drawings than merely tinted engravings, and we consider the majority of the plates as favourable specimens of the progress of lithography; but there are some few exceptions to this remark, which is evident in the uncoloured impressions, that are not so sharp and clear as could have been wished; but this arises, we make no doubt, from some of the "vexatious casualties" of this method of printing which are alluded to in the introduction. Upon closing our remarks, we shall only observe, that if the work had contained some accounts of the peculiar habits of the various animals, it would have been rendered more attractive and interesting to the general reader; but, in its present state, it reflects great credit upon the artist-author.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Designs for Parsonage Houses, Alms Houses, &c., with Examples of Gables and other curious Remains of Old English Architecture. By T. F. Hunt, Esq., Architect; author of "Half-a-Dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture." London, 1827. Longman and Co. 4to. pp. 34.

Of this admirable work, pure in its taste, correct in its illustrations of old English architecture, and most beautiful in its execution, we have only space to notice the publication: in our next we shall treat of it and its interesting subject more at large.

Reminiscences of T. Dibdin. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

Of this novelty, also, we have only room to announce the appearance. It seems to contain much dramatic gossip.

The Prairie. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

An American novel; or, more correctly, a novel by an American. Mr. Cooper's talents are well known and highly appreciated. We shall therefore examine their exhibition in these volumes, anon.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 27.

We have been taught from our infancy to believe that "all flesh is grass;" but a learned Frenchman has proved, by a *plus b*, that all flesh is fish; and this accounts, no doubt, for

there being so many *odd fish* in the world. I fancied, at first, that he was making *game* of us; but on reading farther, I found that he meant seriously to prove that we were all originally aquatic! This is a probable origin enough of the water-drinkers; but I, who love wine, would as soon believe, with Lord Monboddo, that we had originally tails like monkeys. After all, perhaps both may be right; the water-drinkers may have had a fishy origin, and those who play tricks may have been monkeys in the beginning. I am the rather inclined to this opinion, as the very learned and reverend Adam Clarke tells us that the Serpent was an *ourang-outang*.^{*} Another learned Frenchman differs from both these authors, and proves, or attempts to prove, that there must have been at least fourteen or fifteen Adams, and, consequently, as many Eves and as many Serpents. He grounds his theory on the physiological fact that there are fourteen or fifteen distinct races of human beings, which he enumerates. He supposes that the earth was originally covered, or nearly so, with water, and as the water subsided, the summits of several mountains were left bare, and these were peopled,—he cannot tell how. As the waters decreased, their nomadic inhabitants descended from the mountains, and occupied the plains, and spread themselves gradually over the territory in the vicinity of their mother mountain. Pursuing his system, he denies that any general deluge has existed since the creation of man; and he supports his opinion by the fact that no human fossil has ever been discovered in any part of the world,—which must have been the case had a deluge taken place since the days of Adam.

The Parisian Society of Christian Morals held its annual meeting on the 25th. It had offered the premium of a gold medal for the best essay on the abolition of capital punishment. There were eleven candidates; but the memoir of Mr. Charles Lucas obtained the prize, as it had previously done from the Society of Geneva. His essay is curious and highly interesting; but, unfortunately, too long for the columns of the *Literary Gazette*. He considers the subject in every possible point of view, and decides that capital punishment is at once irreligious, impolitic, and even useless for the prevention of crime. Mr. Lucas is a young barrister of the French bar; his essay does equal honour to his head and his heart, and must be admired even by those who deduce a different conclusion from the premises.

We have frequently heard that there is much juggling in courts of law; but until yesterday we believe that no juggler ever amused a tribunal with tricks on the cards. A Parisian dentist of some reputation, named Talbot, and two others, named Simeon and Carruel, were prosecuted for cheating at *carte*, the fashionable French game. The police, on searching Talbot's apartments, found a large quantity of cards already prepared, with instruments for cutting them so as to make some longer or broader than others, and to cut them aslant, so that the parties in cutting or dealing, or even seeing the cards dealt, knew what cards were in their adversary's hand. Talbot subpoenaed the famous conjuror Comti to prove that he had had, some time since, an assistant, who was expert in these things, and he had left them with Talbot without his knowledge. The president asked M. Comti if it were possible to cheat with such cards. "Bless you, sir, that is the *a b c* of the art. A man

^{*} Vide Adam Clarke's commentary on the third chapter of Genesis.

who knows his business has no occasion to descend to such vile tricks: for instance, (taking up a card and putting his left hand behind his back), look, sir, at this eight of diamonds, *presto*, it is the ten of clubs, and now it is the nine of hearts." After shewing several other tricks, the president told him he might go and sit down: he retreated a few paces, and advanced again; "I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for having committed a robbery before your eyes; the cards to prove the crime have somehow got into my pocket, and here they are." The court laughed heartily, and proceeded with the trial; when the three prisoners were sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned for one year.

A German has made a most important discovery, viz. that truffles may be transplanted and produced in abundance in all countries of the temperate zone. We shall give, in an early No. of the *Literary Gazette*, an analysis of his paper; and hope that in a few years epicures will be blessed with truffles in England, without sending to France for them, from whence they rarely arrive in a state of perfection.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.
12th day. The sun passes into the zodiacal constellation Taurus. The north pole of the earth is gaining upon the enlightened hemisphere, extensive regions within the arctic circle having the sun above the horizon during several rotations of the earth about its axis.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter, in Cancer	3	19	25
☾ Full Moon, in Libra	10	20	25
☾ Last Quarter, in Capricornus	17	10	60
☾ New Moon, in Taurus	25	6	40

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Virgo	7	19	0
Venus in Places	29	1	30
Mercury in Aries	23	16	24
Mars in Taurus	26	12	45
Saturn in Gemini	27	23	50

11th day. An eclipse of the moon, invisible at Greenwich, it occurring about two hours after the luminary has sunk below the horizon of the British Isles: it will be visible to the greater part of North and South America, and the Pacific Ocean.

	H.	M.	S.
Beginning of the eclipse	18	47	0
Middle	30	20	15
Ecliptic opposition	30	25	15
End of the eclipse	31	53	30

Digits eclipsed, 11° 47' 30" on the moon's southern limb, or from the northern side of the earth's shadow.

10th day. Mercury in conjunction with ☿ Piscium.

6th day. Venus 9 digits east illuminated, with an apparent diameter of 15". 8th day, in aphelio. 22d day, in conjunction with ☿ Piscium.

7th day, 18 hrs. Mars in conjunction with ♄ Tauri, and visible for a short time after sun-set.

Jupiter passes the meridian, 1st day, 9 hrs. 51 min.; 13th day, 9 hrs. 1 min.; 25th day, 8 hrs. 12 min. respectively.

Visible Eclipses of the First Satellite.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
4	11	30	10	
11	13	33	30	
20	9	56	30	
27	11	50	50	

Saturn set, 1st day, 11 hrs. 51 min.; sets, 13th day, 11 hrs. 9 min.; 25th day, 10 hrs. 27 min. respectively. 6th day, in conjunction with ♄ Geminorum.

4th day. Uranus stationary. Rose about midnight, and was visible shortly after, in the S.E., six degrees from the southern star in the head of the Goat: this planet has arrived at the verge of Sagittarius, which it entered in January 1821, and will leave in February 1823. Its great southern declination has rendered it for many years unfavourable for observation, not merely from the short time it has been above the horizon, but from the density of the atmosphere, even at its greatest elevation, which has been for some time not above 16° when on the meridian. Its altitude is now increasing, and will continue to do so during the ensuing forty years.

This planet was discovered to be such by Herschel, 13th March, 1781, though there is no doubt that it had been seen, and introduced into the catalogues of fixed stars made by Tycho Brahe, Mayer, and Flamsteed: the latter has a star in Taurus, of the fifth magnitude, which corresponds with the period of, and which is generally believed to have been, Uranus. It is very remarkable, that physical astronomy had indicated the existence of a planet beyond the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn, the perturbations observed in the motions of these latter not being wholly reconcilable with their mutual action on each other. This remarkable prediction was verified when Herschel observed, near H Geminorum, a star which, by the application of his micrometer, indicated a progressive motion in the order of the signs, and in nearly the plane of the ecliptic: he at first supposed it a comet, unattended by that nebulous luminosity which usually accompanies these bodies, the absence of which, however, he supposed to be owing to its great distance. Succeeding observations, combined with those of other astronomers, soon proved its affinity to the planetary system; and in the instance of Lalande, the French astronomer, associated with one of those remarkable triumphs of science which can only be properly appreciated by those who are aware of the intricacies that involve the elements of a planet's orbit,—this great astronomer, from three observations obtained in the year 1781, amongst other elements, computed that its period was 84 years, which differs but little from the truth, as deduced from repeated and frequently compared observations since.

The following are some of the elements of this planet, according to the latest calculations:—

Sidereal revolution, 30,688,712,687 days, or 83 yrs. 150 d. 18 hrs.

Mean distance from the sun, that of the earth being 1,—19,183,305, or 1,800,000 miles.

Quantity of matter, that of the earth being 1,—16.84.

Diameter in English miles, 35,112.

Inclination of the orbit to the ecliptic, 46° 26'.

Intersects the ecliptic between the horns of Taurus, or 72° 51' 14".

Density, that of water being 1,— $\frac{1}{800}$.

The notice of this planet will be continued in the next astronomical paper.

Deplford.

J. T. B.

SOLAR SPOTS.

On the 2d instant, a considerable number of these were observed on the sun's disc, constituting a continuous range, subtending an angle of 6'; other spots were observed, but remotely situated from the principal ones. Were it not that this phenomenon is as frequently seen during the coldest weather as the hottest, the present might be adduced as an additional con-

fimation of that theory, which assumes that there is a connexion between the appearance of these spots, and the increase of temperature in the weather.

PERIORAMIC SHADES.—Among the graceful contrivances of the day, our notice has been attracted to a lamp, to which the foregoing name is given, the invention of Mr. Bartholomew, a gentleman well known for his taste and ingenuity in the arts. Lamps of this description are extremely pretty; and, if not meant for constant use, are at least well calculated for variety and ornament in any situation, where beauty is sought, or a pleasing splendour, united with curious effect, desired. For concert-rooms, lighted conservatories, &c., as well as for the drawing-room generally, they are charming furniture. On the common French lamp the apparatus is readily fitted, and consists of a transparent lantern, painted, according to the fancy of the party, in Gothic architecture, landscape, figures, or other designs. The heat from the flame of the burner ascends to an inverted metallic cone, by which it is conducted to a fly-wheel (all within the lantern), and thus a rotatory motion is communicated to the whole. The lantern revolves in a regulated and beautiful manner, always presenting new aspects: the glare of the light is shaded; and what has been hitherto an unregarded utensil, is converted, by this simple process, into an ever-changing and interesting object of attention.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Wednesday, the first general meeting since the anniversary, the minutes of the preceding meeting having been read, the Right Hon. George Canning, First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury, &c. &c. &c., was proposed to become a Member of the Society, and being a Privy Counsellor, the ballot immediately took place. The President, the Bishop of Salisbury, declared the Right Hon. Gentleman to be duly elected. We are not in the habit of offering remarks upon events of this kind, but we cannot help congratulating the Royal Society of Literature on having been made the instrument (if we may so speak) of intimating to the country, that the Prime Minister is desirous of being the friend and patron of that literature which his own name so much adorns. Since the time of Lord Halifax, England has not witnessed so gratifying a sight. We have heard regrets expressed ten thousands of times, that, with all their abilities and virtues, our highest statesmen were cold to the interests of learning and literary men: and as the present is a new era in many respects, we hail it as one of the most auspicious in promise, that Mr. Canning should come forward as the Mecenas of the age. Let him reach and maintain for any long period the utmost summit of political power that his noble and generous ambition could covet—he will find in the patronage of literature, and the attachment and affection which it will procure for him, the best reward of his toils, and the brightest and most lasting page in his own and his country's history.

[We here redeem the pledge in a former No. respecting the paper read at the R. S. L.]

ST. MATTHEW, recording the suicide of Judas, says, "he went out and hanged himself" (*αὐτὸς ἀνέβη καὶ ἀνέσχετο*): St. Luke, in allusion to the same event, asserts, that "falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst" (*καὶ ἔπεσεν κεφαλὴν ἄνω καὶ ἔσπασεν ὡς κεντὺν*): The difficulty is to

reconcile the latter with the former of these seemingly discordant statements, which we will attempt, from the paper referred to, in a manner more fair towards Mr. Penn, and, we hope, more satisfactory to our correspondent, than in the very brief notice of which he complains.

No small part of this difficulty, Mr. Penn is of opinion, has arisen from an erroneous interpretation given to the inflection *λαμναι*; by which it is referred to the same theme as the *λαμναι*, *λαμναι*, and *λαμναι*, of classic writers, signifying, under their different inflections, *sonitum dare*, *cum strepitu rumpi*, &c.; whereas, neither *λαμναι*, nor any inflection of that verb, is to be found; except in the clause of St. Peter's speech, as narrated by St. Luke. It is unnecessary to copy Mr. Penn's ingenious and highly probable reasons for considering this inflection to be, on the contrary, a derivation from the pertinent Latin word *laqueo*, inasmuch as W. S. W. is willing to concede the point. "That *laqueo*," continues Mr. P., "expressed in Greek characters, would be *λαμναι*, and that in that form it would naturally yield the inflection *λαμναι*, cannot be contested; but it may perhaps be said, against the admission, that *λαμναι* is here an active and transitive verb, and could only express *laqueavit*; whereas, to obtain the sense required, it should be passive, *λαμναι*, so as to express *laqueatus est*." In reply to which objection, he makes it apparent, from analogy, copiously illustrated in the Latin language and our own, that *laqueavit* (of the various employments of whose theme, *laqueo*, we are ignorant, from the peculiar rareness of its occurrence) would, though an active form, yet acquire the passive sense, *laqueatus est*, or the reflective sense, *laqueavit se*; and that in that sense it would have been adopted and employed by the Hellenists of Syria.

The conclusion we are enabled to give in the writer's own words.

"Let us now," he says, "consider the whole sentence, *αὐτὸς ἀνέβη*, &c."

"Those who propound *λαμναι* *μυσ* to signify *disruptus est medius*, bring forward that of Plautus—*metuo ne medius disruptus*, (Curcul. ii. 17, et Casina, ii. 5. 18.) But this can avail them nothing in their *λαμναι*, unless they include in both places the sense *cum crepitu*, *cum strepitu*; which would be absurd and ludicrous. But against that passage of Plautus, I set the following passage from Seneca the tragedian:—

*Præcepit in ora furus, implicit cadens
Laqueo tenaci corpus: et quanto magis
Pugnat, sequaces hoc nodis ligat.*

Hipp. A. iv. 1066.

Here we have a literal translation of St. Peter's periphrastic description of the operation, expressed by St. Matthew in the single word *ἀνέσχετο*; and by St. Jerom, who found the memory of the fact unimpaired at Jerusalem four centuries after, in the phrase "*laqueo se suspendit*." Those who have been in the southern countries of Europe, know that the operation in question, as exercised on a criminal, is performed with a great length of cord, with which the criminal is precipitated from a lofty beam, and is thus violently *laqueatus*, or snared in a noose, *midway*—*medius*, or *in medio*, i. e. *inter trabem et terram*. *Medius* is a term of general relation, and refers to *place* equally with *person*:—

Summa atque ima, quid in medium sint cernis.
Lactant. i. 1055.

Erasmus distinctly perceived this sense in the words *αὐτὸς ἀνέβη καὶ ἀνέσχετο*, although he did not discern it in the word *λαμναι*, which confirms it: "*αὐτὸς ἀνέβη* dicitur, qui *vultu est in terram dejecto*; expressit autem *gustum et habitum*

laqueo praefocati; alioquin, ex hoc sanè loco non poterat intelligi, quid Judas suspenderit as, (in loc.) And so Augustine also had understood those words, as he shews in his Recit. in Act. Apostol. lib. i. col. 474.—et collem sibi alligavit, et dejectus in faciem, &c.

What follows, *ἐξουσία πάντα τα σπλάγχνα αὐτοῦ*—all his bowels gushed out, was a physical effect of the sudden interruption in the fall, and the violent capture in the noose, of a frame of great corpulency, such as Christian antiquity has recorded that of the traitor to have been; so that a term expressive of fracture would have been here altogether unnecessary and superfluous, and it is therefore equally unnecessary to seek it in the verb *λαλῶν*.

The words of St. Peter will therefore import—*proceps in ora fusus, laqueavit* (i. e. implicitus est laqueo) *medius* (i. e. inter trabem et terram); *et effusa sunt omnia viscera ejus*—'he threw himself headlong and caught midway in the noose, and all his bowels fell out.' And thus, the two reporters of the suicide, from whose respective relations charges of disagreement, even of contradiction, have been drawn, in consequence of mistaking an insidious Latin word for a genuine Greek word of corresponding elements, are found, by tracing that insidious word to its true origin, to relate *identically the same act*; the one by a single term, the other by a periphrasis."

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

On Tuesday, the foundation stone of this building was laid, with due form, by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; and the day being auspicious, the ceremony was a very imposing one. A company of between four and five hundred friends and supporters of the undertaking afterwards dined together at Freemason's Hall. On giving the toasts, a number of speeches were made by distinguished individuals.—His Royal Highness, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Brougham, &c. &c. The exultation of the moment carried some of the speakers into strains of eulogy and boasting which the occasion, important and gratifying as it was, hardly excused. However, as the cause was good, it is not our wish to criticise these exaggerated *Io Pems*: we wish it success with all our hearts—knowledge cannot be too widely diffused.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Henry Neele's Lectures on English Poetry.—From the favourable report made to us of Mr. Neele's preceding Lectures, we were induced to attend his third Discourse on English Dramatic Poetry previous to the Restoration, and we have to thank this gentleman for an hour's agreeable and highly intellectual amusement. Mr. Neele, who is himself a poet, appears fully equal to the office of expounding the beauties of our early dramatic authors; and he exhibited, with great force and eloquence, several passages from the predecessors of Shakespeare, which are hardly inferior to the master himself. When a mighty genius appears, who is destined to command the admiration of mankind, and to eclipse all who have gone before, we are too apt to overlook the heralds who have aided and advanced the development of his gigantic powers. In our exclusive admiration of Raphael, we omit to mention the assistance he derived from Cimabue, Giotto, and Masaccio; and so with Shakespeare and his precursors. We have been led into these reflections by the following passage from a tragedy, by a Thomas Hyde. *Hieronimo*, whose son has been murdered, goes distracted, and wishes a painter to represent the fatal catastrophe upon canvass.

He finds that the artist is suffering under a bereavement similar to his own. There is something powerfully affecting in this dialogue.

[The Painter enters.]

Painter.—God bless you, sir!

Hieronimo.—Wherefore? Why, thou scornful villain! How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

Painter.—What would you ask, good fellow?

Painter.—Justice, madam.

Hieron. Oh! ambitious fellow, wouldst thou have that

That lives not in the world?

Why, all the unclosed mines cannot buy

An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable,

I tell thee, God has engrossed all justice in his hands,

And there is none but what comes from him.

Painter. Oh, then I see that God must right me for my

murdered son!

Hieron. How, was thy son murdered?

Painter. Ay, sir. No man did hold his son so dear.

Hieron. What! not as thine? That's a lie

As massive as the earth. I had a son

Whose least unvalued hair did weigh

A thousand of thy son's, and he was murder'd.

Painter. Alas! sir, I had no more but he.

Hieron. Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine

Was worth a legion.

The naked nature and simplicity of this scene are worth all the ambitious imagery and rhetorical ornaments which modern authors lavish upon their dramas. The great utility of Lectures is, that they revive our reading, and promote a lively relian for the beauties of authors. We regret that want of space deprives us of the pleasure of dwelling longer on this interesting course, which consisted of six lectures—1. History of Poetry; 2. Epic; 3. and 4. Dramatic; 5. Didactic and Descriptive; and, 6. Lyrical:—to all which Mr. N. has done ample justice.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition opens on Monday, and Green-room report speaks well of it. In the earlier days of our *Gazette*, we used to be desirous to take a peep behind the curtain, and advertise our readers of what they were to expect on similar occasions; but experience having taught us that we could not do so without being guilty of partiality and even injustice to individuals (whose merits escaped observation), we have for several years abandoned the practice of previous statement. Besides, the Royal Academy is too close a corporation to recognise the aid and services which it (as a body), and the arts generally, receive from the press; and as a branch of the press, we do not consider it worth while or becoming, to go a jot out of our way to do a duty for those who neglect it themselves. We last season adverted to this subject, and several members of the Royal Academy remonstrated with us upon it; but every thing we have since seen has stamped the conviction firmer on our minds, that though the Royal Academicians individually are anxious enough to obtain notice and patronage, yet they display nothing of the same fervour, perseverance, and judgment, in what concerns the interests of the Institution over which they preside.

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

HAVING in our last observed that this Exhibition is in every respect equal to former excellence, we may add, that we do not consider its increase in numbers as any particular advantage. There was always more than could properly be seen, and many above and many below the eye could hardly be recognised, so as to have their merits properly scanned. But these are evils to which every exhibition is more or less liable.

We have already had occasion to mention two or three individual performances that struck us on a hasty view, and among them No. 109. *A Pilot-boat going off to a Vessel in a hard gale*, by Mr. Fielding: we now take up, in contrast to the sombre and tempestuous effect of that performance, the light and brilliant character

of No. 13, *Vessels at Spithead*, by the same artist. Allowing for the favourable situation in which it is seen, and the novelty which a first sight of every performance produces, we must consider this as one of the most beautiful and attractive examples of light and sunshine that has ever been produced. Should it be considered an imitation of Claude, it is a delightful imitation, and far exceeds any painting in oil which we have seen as a copy from that master. This artist, we readily perceive, has kept the best models in his eye, at the same time that he has looked at nature for his prototype.

We cannot do better than what has been done by the arrangers of this Exhibition—place as a contrast to the vivid lightness of the *Vessels at Spithead*, the sublime and stormy effect of Mr. Robson's *Barnard Castle* (No. 19). The gleamy and spectral light which he has thrown upon the old castellated ruin accords well with its fallen grandeur, and the character of romantic feeling which forms like these must ever create: nor can we forget that Sir Walter Scott has sanctioned this feeling by his poem of *Rokeby*, where Barnard Castle, Athelstan Priory, and the surrounding scenery, are the accessories to his poetical narrative.

No. 46. *Scene at the Head of Nant Fragon, North Wales*. G. F. Robson.—Well suited also to the sublime of this artist's pencil. It is a scene of solemn grandeur, a chaotic desert, to which the lines quoted happily apply. Although we continually meet with the deep tones and twilight effect peculiar to the works of Mr. Robson, they never fail to raise our admiration of the powers displayed in overcoming the difficulty of producing on paper such a depth of colour with such entire flatness of surface.

No. 516. *Mary Queen of Scots, attended by the four Maries, in her retirement at St. Andrews, receiving Randolph*, &c. J. Stephanoff.—There is no one who sees this highly finished and resplendent performance, with its breadth of light, its beautiful colouring, and well-arranged composition, but must pronounce it a clever and a brilliant work of art. They would never dream that the artist had attempted to paint a sarcasm; and though, to a certain extent, Mr. Stephanoff has given something like the expression, or rather it is employed in the attitude of Randolph; yet it is one of those things which the writer, not the painter, can most successfully convey to the imagination.

No. 288. *Rembrandt in his Study*—by the same artist—is truly an admirable subject, and we could have wished it had been treated on a larger scale. We think also, that the study of Raphael and that of Claude would afford excellent subjects for Mr. Stephanoff's splendid pencil.

No. 102. *River Scene*. G. Barrett.—The compositions of this artist are for the most part highly classical and poetical; for though the familiar and sublime in the works of others may occasionally inspire the sister muse, the character of Mr. Barrett's pencil appears more exclusively adapted to poetry: there is a soothing quiet that fills the mind with images of rest.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Ports of England. No. II. Engraved by Thomas Lupton; from Original Drawings made expressly for the Work, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Lupton, London.

Of the first No. of this publication we spoke in terms of unmeasured praise, both as regarded the picturesque beauty of the original forms, and the fine execution of the mezzotinto

plates. The new No. is equally spirited and beautiful—the water represented with great freedom, and well contrasted with the solidity of the objects on land.

Lodge's Portraits, &c. Part XXV.
Harding, Lizard, and Co.

EVERY succeeding Part of this work only affords another occasion to express our approbation of it. Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, from Vandyke, by J. Thomson; Ridley, Bishop of London (a fine head) by H. Robinson; W. Villiers, Lord Grandison, from Vandyke, by H. R. Cooke; Spencer Compton, Earl of Northampton, by T. A. Dean; and Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, from Vandyke, by E. Scriven,—are here added to our treasures of art in a manner worthy of the preceding Parts.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams.
No. 8. London, Longman and Co.: Edinburgh, A. Black.

THIS is another of the publications of art of which every new appearance affords ground for new admiration. The Plain of Marathon is replete with high poetical sentiment: the disc of the moon just rising above the distant hills; the starry firmament; the single figure wrapt in contemplation,—are all appropriate, lofty, and feeling associates with the scene of ancient renown. Mount Vodia is a beautiful subject, and the Temple of Apollo Epicurius in Arcadia still more so. The ancient Temple at Corinth is a grand ruin, and the two views of it extremely good. The engravers, J. Hensburgh, W. Forrest, W. Miller, and W. H. Lizars, have done credit to their respective talents in these plates. This work is deservedly rising very much in public esteem as it becomes more universally known.

Intruding Puppies. Painted by Edwin Landseer: engraved by Thomas Landseer from the original Picture in the Collection of Lord de Tabley. London, Colnaghi.

To the noble possessor of this capital picture the plate is, with great propriety, dedicated; and is, indeed, worthy of the original picture, of the artists whose names it bears, and of the illustrious patron of our native school to whom it is inscribed. Poor Pug is in a sad dilemma; for while he has caught one intruder by the tail, the other has got to his mess, and seems resolved, to defend his right of possession to the uttermost. Both the puppies are truth and nature in their attitudes and expression; nor are the rage and distress of the monkey the least humorous parts of this clever and amusing performance. The engraving is in a broad and very effective style: the print is sure of much popularity.

Illustrations of Time. By George Cruikshank.
London. J. Robins and Co.

ONE of those sportive and grotesque productions in which the fertile mind of George Cruikshank gives a local habitation and a form to ideas which have long floated over the imagination without any other symbol but words. Here Time, the eater of all things, *tempus edax verum*, is gobbling up an elephant and castle on a fork, while in his spoon is a church, and before, on the table, ships, temples, and many kinds of perishable-everlasting things. The details of, time come, a short time, idling time, behind time, trifling time away, &c. &c. are given in about forty sketches of a most amusing character, and very laughable in their various designs. A tall fellow fishing; a box-

ing match; being too late for a coach; playing bagatelle; making a dog stand up; washing a blackamoor; throwing at gingerbread; a starved footman eating in a new place; an attorney and two clients, with the oyster and its shells; gardeners begging in a hard frost; the nose to the grindstone; the ascent of a balloon, with the mob badly employed; children in the holidays; others being put to bed; pudding-time; Christmas-boxes, &c. &c. are full of droll invention, and contain so many entertaining points to command attention, that we are sure hours may be spent in looking over this folio of some six pages, (with about six sketches on each,) without tiring the spectator, who, on the contrary, will always be discovering some new touch of fun, and some unobserved merit in art.

Sketches of Mde. Pasta in the Opera of Medea, &c.: with Portraits of Pasta, Caradori, &c.
By John Hayter. London, J. Dickinson.

PASTA on the stage and Pasta in the print-shops come very well and agreeably together. Of Mr. Hayter's skilful portraits of this favourite songstress we have already delivered a favourable opinion, and the present enlarged lithographical work, as it goes farther, deserves also farther praise. Pasta as Desdemona is an excellent likeness. Curioni is made a finer-looking man than he really is; and Caradori conveys the idea of a magnificent instead of a slight and graceful woman. As Medea, Pasta resembles a female Buonaparte. The attitudes in the various selected scenes are all charming studies, and may serve as models, both on and off the stage, to the actor or artist.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE LARK.

SKY-BIRD! that from thy dewy seat
Soar'st high, the orient sun to greet,
On gladsome wing,
Pouring thy carols wildly sweet—
Upmunt and sing.

Not oft, blithe bird! I view thee rise,
Warbling delighted in the skies,
At dawn of day—
Oh, soar and sing before mine eyes!
Heaven wants thy lay.

Not oft I tread the dewy fields
When Morn her fragrant incense yields,
And breathes delight;
While the young sun the herbage gilds,
All diamond bright.

Ah! kindling thoughts so banish sleep
From mine, when midnight slumbers steep
The careless breast,
That but in morning's watch I reap
The boon of rest.

And Nature's moonlit page to me
Dearer than morn's is wont to be—
More calmly fair;
And thus I lose the matin glee
Of earth and air.

Yet sometimes with the early sun
I rise, and see his race begun;
And then mine ear
Hails every song—but thine, the one,
Sweet lark! most dear.

Yes, minstrel bird! to thee belong
The wild sublimities of song;
And, oh! mine eyes
And ears pursue thy flight among
The beaming skies.

BIOGRAPHY.
PESTALOZZI.

THIS extraordinary man, who died on the 17th of February last, was born at Zurich, on the 12th of January, 1745. Originally destined for the church, he vigorously applied himself in the German universities and in the Swiss Academies, to the study of philology. The attraction of languages and literature at first seduced him completely; but afterwards, influenced by Rousseau's *Emilius*, he renounced philology, theology, jurisprudence, even books themselves, to employ himself for the remainder of his life in the intellectual and moral development of the people, founded on a psychological basis. The indigent and labouring classes became from that moment the objects of his attention, of his continual meditation, of his affection; although the system of education which he devised for them was equally applicable to the superior orders. With the exception of expression, Pestalozzi was remarkably ugly. He was not more than five feet two inches in height, and stooped greatly. In his dress he was exceedingly negligent. His face was furrowed with the small-pox; and not a feature possessed the slightest regularity. The upper part of the back of his head was flattened, and, as it were, thrust forward. But under a noble forehead shone two eyes, not with lightning-brilliance, but with the internal radiance of a mind absorbed by one great idea. The amiability of his character rendered him universally beloved, especially by children. His death was preceded by a short but painful illness; and he was buried in the village of Bir, near his country house of Neuhof, in the canton of Aargau.

MUSIC.

SIGNOR VERINI.—There is at present living in London a composer of consummate taste, whose reputation is far inferior to his merits. His name is Signor P. Verini,—a teacher of the Spanish Guitar by profession, and the author of some of the most exquisite melodies that have been published lately in this country. With far more talent than pretension, and cultivating music more than his interest with the great, it is little wonderful that he should have lived hitherto in comparative retirement, while the names of less deserving musicians have been bruited about in every quarter of the compass. It is not, however, that he is unknown or unappreciated, as an accomplished teacher, even in the higher circles; but that the instrument of which he is a professor, being as yet comparatively strange in this country, his exceedingly sweet airs, set to Italian words, have failed in arriving at their due popularity. It is the object of the present notice to do at least something to remedy this accident of fortune, and to introduce the Signor Verini (who, by the way, is poet as well as musician) to the acquaintance of our readers. We are sure they will thank us for the introduction.

Hitherto, Verini has confined his accompaniments to Italian words; but he has just published an English song, (set as well to the piano-forte as the guitar,) the words of which are by a writer whose name is known to our readers, Barry Cornwall. As the song has not yet been printed in the author's works, we are induced to insert it in the *Literary Gazette*.

The Song of Perdita.

The nest of the dove is rifled—
Alas!—Alas!
The dream of delight is stifled,
And all that was

Of beauty and hope is broken—
But words will flee,
Though trust were ever spoken—
Alas, for me!

His words were as fragrant ever
As flowers to bees;
His voice like the mournful river—
But streams will freeze!
Ah! where shall I fly, deceived?
Ah! where—where test?
I am sick, like the dove bereaved—
And have no nest!

This song is set to a most touching melody, and is a considerable triumph on the part of an absolute foreigner over the usually stubborn nature of our English verse. But, it is in air adapted to Italian words that he, of course, succeeds best. In his *Canzonetti*, dedicated to Miss Sophia Fitzgerald—in his *Questo mio cor dolente*, dedicated to Miss Gordon; and many others—and in particular in a *Notturmo*, dedicated to the Duchess of Bedford, he has let loose upon us the gentlest spirit of Italian music. Nor is it, indeed, the least of his merits, that, instead of indulging himself and perplexing his readers with common bravuras and unmeaning vagaries, he has subdued the science of which he is a master, to the most delightful simplicity. And to be graceful and simple, without being common-place, is in music as in poetry, we suspect, very nearly the perfection of the art.—[From a Friend.]

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Thursday (pro Tuesday), in consequence of the indisposition of Galli, there was no opera in which Pasta and Brambilla appeared.

By an accidental failure of our theatrical packet, at a late hour, we are only enabled to say, that on Tuesday night, *Il Turco in Italia* was produced in an English dress, and with complete success, at Drury Lane, under the name of the *Turkish Lovers*. Miss Kelly, Miss Ayton, Braham, Horn, Harley, and Power, contributed all their forces to the musical and comical *agréments* with which the opera abounds; and we rejoice to hear that it bids fair to reward the spirited experiment made by the manager.

VARIETIES.

African Expedition.—In the sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris, on the 6th ult., a letter was read, dated Tripoli, 20th February, 1827, in which the writer stated, that nothing positive was known respecting the travels of Captain Clapperton and Major Laing; but that the people of the Fezzan pretended to have heard that Captain Clapperton was at Bournou, with his old friend the Sheikh El-Kannemi.

Epilepsy.—Dr. Borie, the physician of the hospital at Versailles, has for some time been very successfully exhibiting mugwort and the cherry-laurel in cases of epilepsy. A great many poor patients have been perfectly cured by these remedies; the discovery of which seems likely to be attended with the most beneficial consequences.

All-Bey.—It is said that an inhabitant of one of the most considerable towns in Asiatic Turkey is in possession of the manuscripts of the celebrated All-Bey, and that he is not indisposed to part with them. A very curious and amusing publication might no doubt be made from these documents.

Astronomy.—On the evening of the 27th of February, 1826, at Josephstadt, in Bohemia, M. Biela perceived in the Ram a small round nebula, the situation of which he noted. The next day he became convinced that he had

discovered a comet, the nucleus of which had advanced a degree eastward since the preceding evening, and had increased in size and splendour. Subsequent observations by various astronomers established very near correspondences between this comet and the comets of 1772 and 1806. At length M. Clausen, of Altona, and M. Gambart, of Marseilles, each separately, traced an ellipsis which left no doubt of the identity of the three. It is calculated that the comet will re-appear in November 1832, on its return from the sun. [This stranger has been repeatedly noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, and we hope to hail his return.]

Aspasia.—A curious fragment of Greek literature has been discovered in Italy. It purports to be a letter to Pericles from Aspasia, who, being threatened with the loss of her beauty by a tumour which was spreading over her face, visited the various temples which were celebrated for the cure of the votaries who repaired to them, and at length was successful in that of Podalirius, the son of Esculapius and Epione. This fragment, which gives a brief account of the lady's travels, has been published in the last volume of the *Bulletin Universel des Sciences*.

Voyage Round the World.—The King of France has given directions for the immediate publication of the Journal of the Voyage round the World made during the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, by the Thetis frigate and *Esperance* brig, under the command of the Baron de Bougainville. It will consist of a quarto volume, and will be accompanied by an atlas of eight large maps, and thirty plates; twelve of natural history, and eighteen of views, costumes, &c.

Panoramas.—We mentioned, at their first opening, the exhibition in Bond Street of several of the interesting views by Mr. Suhr, which by an ingenious contrivance, in moving and sliding the glasses through which the spectator looked, produced a panoramic view of great truth and effect, and afforded a very correct idea of the scenes and places represented. We found the other day (as Paul Pry says, "on dropping in") that a general change had been made in the arrangement, and a number of new and well-executed subjects brought forward. Of these, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Offen and Pest, and Heligoland, are particularly worthy of attention; and we are sure that all the friends of our young friends who take them to see these performances, and so impress various matters on their minds, will thank us for recommending to them this useful and agreeable spectacle.

Anecdote of the new Lord Chancellor.—The following anecdote, which we have from good authority, may be considered interesting at the present moment. Mr. Copley, the painter, made great exertions to give his son an education of the highest kind; and it so happened that while he was supporting him at the university, he was unprovided for a small bill of £30, which he had given to Mr. —, an eminent engraver, employed upon one of his works. The letter which he wrote upon the occasion was turned up casually the other day, within a few hours of his son's elevation to the woolsack! Its purport was to request a renewal of the acceptance at a longer date; because, said the kind and anxious father, (in substance,) you know that John's expenses at college are very considerable, and drain me to the utmost. Yet he has done himself so much honour in his studies, has risen so high, and gives promise of such future eminence, that it would be a sad

thing to suffer him to be impeded in his career by any want just now. Could the prophetic parent see the full accomplishment of his hopes, he would, perhaps now, as at the period of which we speak, feel little compunction (though quite at odds with the poor worldling's farthing principles) for having helped to make a Lord Chancellor by dishonouring his bill!!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Poetical Works of Collins, with ample Biographical and Critical Notes, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is now in the press, and will be published soon by Mr. Pickering.

The Dramatic Works of John Webster, now first collected, with Notes by the same rev. gentleman, and the same publisher, is also in preparation.

The Angelo Anecdotes is a title announced of a work in three volumes; containing the memoirs of the celebrated fencing-master Angelo, from the middle of last century to the present time, with a multitude of contemporary notices.

The Hon. Frederick De Roos, R.N., is preparing for publication a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with Remarks on the State of the American Maritime resources.

Preparing for publication, a Volume, in 8vo., of Original Correspondence between the Right Hon. Edmund Burke and French Laurence, Esq. LL.D.

Mr. Peter Nicholson, author of several architectural works, has in the press, in Nov., a new treatise, entitled The School of Architecture and Engineering.

The Every Night Book, or Life after Dark, by the author of the "Cigar," is announced.

Shortly will be published, Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren: a tale.

The Rev. Dr. Russell will shortly publish, in two octavo volumes, the Connexion of Sacred and Profane History, from the Death of Joshua until the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah. Intended to complete the works of Shuckford and Prideaux.

Mr. Woodis Harvey has nearly ready, an Account of Hayti, from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe.

Nearly ready, a Supplement to Howell and Stewart's Oriental and Biblical Catalogue.

A New History of England, in 12mo., for Young Persons, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, is announced.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

April.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From 24.	to 51.	29.90	to 30.10
Thursday .. 26	—	28. — 58.	30.19	— 30.14
Friday .. 27	—	32. — 67.	30.13	— 30.00
Saturday .. 28	—	32. — 67.	29.90	— 29.94
Sunday .. 29	—	32. — 77.	29.93	— Stat.
Monday .. 30	—	40. — 76.	29.93	— 29.94
Tuesday .. 1	—	43. — 66.	29.94	— 29.98
Wednesday 2	—	43. — 66.	29.94	— 29.98

Wind E.E.S. prevailing.

Exception on the morning of the 3d generally clear. Very cold nights till the 5th: potatoes felt the effects of that night, when the thermometer was seven degrees below the freezing point. Gooseberries appeared as if scalded, and several plants fell as if they had been bruised. A few flashes of lightning in the N.W. about midnight on the 30th.

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Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We dare say the lines to E. P. reached us—but cannot find them, and conclude they did not suit our page. We cannot print J. B.—N.

To Philomath we answer, that we dare say there are defects in Murray's Grammar; we know of no work without.

We are again compelled to postpone many things.

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